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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 865—Vol. XXXIV.]

NEW YORK, APRIL 27, 1872.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.  
13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]

## "A FEW WORDS TO THE DEMOCRACY."

UNDER this heading, our clever contemporary, the *Sun*, gives some sound and sensible advice to the Democrats, who propose co-operating in defeating General Grant and his king.

Prefacing its remarks by the assertion, "that a large majority of the voting population of the United States is opposed to the reelection of General Grant"—which we believe to be an undoubted fact—the *Sun* proceeds to show how best to utilize that majority, which

is so distributed among the several States, as to control the choice of nearly two-thirds of the Presidential Electors.

The main difficulty to be encountered in uniting this majority in concerted action arises from the fact of this majority being made up of those who have heretofore acted in hostile political organizations.

Now, old controversies are ended, though the organizations are still kept up; but "on the main point, the defeat of Grant, the Democratic Party and an influential portion of the Republican Party are in full accord. And the only practical matter worthy of consideration is,

Can those who think on this main point, of defeating Grant, act together in the coming Presidential contest?"

The *Sun* asserts that they can and ought to do so—insisting that the New England elections are not to be regarded as proofs of the apathy of the Liberal Republicans, nor made a reproach to them, the work of organizing having only commenced with the call for the Cincinnati Convention.

We subjoin the pith of the "few words" which the *Sun* has to say to the Democracy, and which it may do them good to read and digest:

"The Liberal Republicans are daily gaining strength in all sections of the country. Premature action on their part would be to the last degree unwise. They need organization and consolidation, and they will effect both at Cincinnati. There they will marshal their forces, unfurl their banner, and open the campaign. For at least two months thereafter the active fight against Grant should be left upon their shoulders. Unless we grossly err in regard to their numbers, their skill, and their courage, they will prove themselves quite equal to the emergency. In the meantime let the Democracy discipline their troops, call in their stragglers, and prepare to rise to the level of the occasion; and then at the end of these two months they can look over the field and make up their minds how and where they can strike the most effective blow for the overthrow of Grant."



VIRGINIA.—A SCENE IN THE STREETS OF RICHMOND.—THE DARWINIAN THEORY ILLUSTRATED.—A CASE OF NATURAL SELECTION.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—SEE PAGE 39.



"This is not passivism—far from it. It is only taking time to so post the troops, plant the batteries, and arrange the line of battle, as to strike the stunning blow at the right place, at the proper moment. Those impatient and rather short-sighted Democrats who are now crying out against passivism may rest assured that the last four months of the Presidential campaign will afford abundant opportunities for the display of all their skill, activity and courage."

"The defeat of Grant is to be no holiday affair. He cannot be driven out of his intrenchments by undisciplined troops, however much they may be inspired by zeal and valor. Let the allied forces who are to render the pending contest memorable in American history make haste slowly, and when face to face with the foe, remember the order issued by Cromwell to his Ironsides, under a drizzling rain, when on the field of Naseby: 'Trust in God, and keep your powder dry.'"

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537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, APRIL 27, 1872.

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FRANK LESLIE,  
New York.

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### ANOTHER VERY ATTRACTIVE NUMBER ON THE PRESS.

With the next issue of FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL will be given another of those beautiful Colored Fashion Plates which have made the LADY'S JOURNAL so popular among its readers. This Colored Plate will represent a number of

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A new original song, entitled, "When this New Coat gets Old," will also appear in No. 26 of the LADY'S JOURNAL.

Its other departments will be as full of interest as ever.

### THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.

THE Cincinnati Convention, it is evident, "means business."

In advance of the Connecticut election its prime movers and supporters in New York put forth their programme, and declared war to the knife on Grant and his Philadelphia Ring. There was policy as well as manliness in the act, the boldness of which must excite the admiration both of friend and foe.

The move has also been well-timed—the blow struck just at the critical moment when over-caution might have ruined all. With the courage which has ever characterized him, and with a concession on his pet theory of Protection we scarcely could have hoped from him. Mr. Greeley comes up squarely to the work he had already so well begun. In the letter which

he, in conjunction with other prominent Republicans of New York, addressed to the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Liberal Republican Convention of Missouri, a platform of principles is laid down broad enough to receive all disaffected Republicans, and all patriots of any previous political organization.

The adhesions already given to it in this city are truly remarkable, embracing so many shades of opinion heretofore discordant, and the echo from outside has been louder still.

There is both panic and perturbation at Washington, and it will require many extra cubanos to soothe the nerves of the Silent Smoker at the White House, as the responses to this bugle-blast come pealing in from East and West.

We are also assured, by those who know, that "this is but the beginning of a movement which will, in the next month, sweep over the country like a whirlwind, carrying with it such strength and courage as to bring out from the Administration camp all those in reality opposed to the continuation of the system of proscription, disorganization, and corruption which has characterized the Grant Administration."

Historical parallels are ever instructive, and the present position of parties and of Presidential candidates is so similar to that of 1860, as to challenge attention.

Then the Democratic Party, after eight years' almost undisputed enjoyment of the power and plunder of the Government, fell to pieces from its own weight and its own corruptions. It was destroyed by no rival party, but by an uprising of an indignant people, and the secession of many of its own leading members, dissatisfied, as leading Republicans now are, with the men and measures it allowed to control it.

The present movement is a similar upheaval from the great central force—the people—and no combination of office-holders and office-seekers can arrest or control it.

The happy audacity of Mr. Greeley and his colleagues has more than atoned for the timidity of the trimming and prevaricating politicians, who should have shown their hands long since, and who jeopardized the movement by their cowardice.

But the brave men who have undertaken this work can do without time-servers or men weak in the backbone. The movement must and shall go on, and those who are "willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike" the pinch-beck Napoleon at Washington, and who are only waiting to see how strong the Cincinnati Convention may be, stand a fair chance of being left out in the cold, unless they "hurry up," and fall into ranks which soon will be crowded with new recruits.

We can now confidently count on Democratic co-operation in this movement, provided the results of the Cincinnati Convention justify our reasonable expectations as to its measures and its men.

With a common sense which has not often characterized their proceedings, the Democracy have not interfered, and will not, in that effort to consolidate the elements opposed to Grant, but stand prepared to co-operate should the opportunity be afforded them.

That the Cincinnati Convention will give such an opportunity to every honest man who loves his country more than his party. We do not doubt, and therefore look forward to the first week in May as a time which is to herald in a new era, and secure for the country, a year hence, an administration of its affairs worthy of its Past and its Future.

The Tammany and Erie Rings, both of which were controlled by abler men than the Washington Ring, have succumbed to public opinion, and surrendered their hold on the spoils which alone made them powerful.

We have every confidence that the same power can and will displace the spoilsmen at Washington, and send back their chief into the obscurity he adorns.

### THE BENCH AT THE BAR.

THE judges on trial by a Judiciary Committee of the Legislature, under charges preferred by the Bar Association of the great capital city of the country, in any other place or time than ours would create a profound and painful sensation. But so changed are our people, or the times, that this very strange and startling spectacle scarcely makes a ripple, and the interest in these proceedings is of the most languid kind, while the entire demonstration seems destined to end in a farce. Judge Cardozo and Judge Barnard have now been on trial for some time past, and Judge McCunn was put on his defense a few days ago, upon the charge of corruption and malfeasance in office, for the profit of himself and friends.

Now, one thing is evident; either these high functionaries are grossly sinned against, or sinning; and the purity of the ermine, like the chastity of woman, should ever be above suspicion, and those who impugn either should be prepared to establish their charges or take the consequences, in being branded as slanderers.

It has been the general belief that the Bench was venal and corrupt, and surely if that belief was founded on facts the proofs should be forthcoming.

The Bar Association owes it to itself to stand up to the charges it has made. It must either face the music or take the one of two horns of the dilemma, each equally sharp. Either it has permitted its members, under cover of its name, to make charges without proof to sustain them, or, having such proof, is afraid to produce it, through motives of personal interest.

In either category, the Bar Association, tried at the bar of public opinion, will be convicted of a gross breach of public duty, and make the profession at large the scapegoat for the supposed sins, hitherto visited on the judges. Whatever the result, the legal profession will gain nothing in public confidence by the exposure thus made of its own shortcomings.

This is a melancholy thing. We do not expect much from politicians or from legislative bodies now-a-days. But the public long has had a foolish confidence in what were termed courts of justice, which even much sad experience of the

"Ways which are dark  
And the tricks that are vain,"

could not entirely dispel.

But if the members of the Bar impeach the judges as corrupt and venal, and the judges charge the lawyers with being slanderers and cheats, how can the most confiding public, in the light of such revelations, hereafter put its trust in either?

### PARTY DISCIPLINE.

WHEN the Republic, through its armies, was engaged in the suppression of a rebellion, the Federal official power being in the hands of the Republican Party, it was thought to be a sufficient answer to the proposed change of the governing power from that to the Democratic Party, to declare the intentions and point to the record of the Republican organization.

Everybody remembers the ten-years' speech of Henry Wilson—an often-repeated rehearsal of what the Republican Party had done, with a decidedly vague and uncertain forecasting as to what it would do.

And, perhaps, those party calls were well enough suited to the times.

At all events, the people of the Northern States responded thereto with the re-election of Abraham Lincoln, as it was believed at the time, on the principle illustrated by Mr. Lincoln in his story reply to the politicians who urged the removal of a commanding general in the midst of a campaign, that it was unwise to swap horses while crossing a stream.

The Republican Party, we admit, has done good service in its day.

And we are not of those who oppose a man presented for office because he is of the Republican Party, or of any other.

But we do believe the time has come when it is our right, and more than that, our duty, to look higher than party, and to take into consideration, as more important than mere party calls, all the demands and necessities of the country.

And chiefly are we impelled to this, because, as we have frequently and earnestly urged in these columns, the control and direction of our national affairs is now in the hands of, and is sought again by, the Republican Party, which is at present managed by the most venal and corrupt set of politicians this country has ever known.

It will be seen that we do not urge a change of power from the Republican to the Democratic Party.

Not that we distrust the Democratic Party, which, we doubt not, would have managed our national affairs quite as honestly and efficiently as has the Military Ring.

Indeed, it couldn't do worse.

But this is our doctrine.

That with the return of peace and the extinction of slavery, and the full and complete protection guaranteed to the freedmen, under the laws, we should now labor for the speedy return of good-will and fraternal concord between those who were arrayed against each other in sanguinary strife throughout our great civil war, for honesty and purity in legislation and administration, and for retrenchment and reform in public expenditures.

And it is singularly significant of the progress made in this direction, that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in his recent speech in Brooklyn, did not, as the Administration adherents are wont to do, abuse and vilify Mr. Greeley, Carl Schurz, Charles Sumner, and other prominent Republicans who oppose the re-issuing of the Federal patronage to the Military Ring, but accorded to these men the great merit of sincerity of purpose and honest motives.

And Mr. Beecher's utterances in praise of those old and long-tried Republicans take additional weight from the fact that he still believes in Grant.

He favors the re-election of Grant, and says

that Carl Schurz is "pure, wise and sagacious." This is only one man's opinion, to be sure.

And it is an admission no politician would dare to make.

But it was made.

And it reflects the great political progress of the times, and it is a step toward that freedom from party shackles which alone can save us from a repetition of the shame and humiliation this Administration has put on us.

Surely no man will deny that Grant has failed to meet public expectation.

Surely no previous Administration has ever been charged with so much that is scandalous.

Surely there are features of his official and unofficial conduct—such as the appointment of so many relatives to offices—his association with the low and vulgar Murphy—his entire disregard of all the decencies of life in convivial excursions—his acceptance of all kinds of gifts—his great and most unaccountable accession of wealth—and his apparent close connection with such men as Leet and Stocking, and Jim Nye and Zack Chandler—that many of those who voted for him never expected to see, and now deeply lament.

And shall they be expected to forget those things, and vote for him again, because he will be the nominee of the Republican Party?

Indeed, the man would be adjudged a lunatic who should urge the application of such a rule to the ordinary business affairs of life.

But it is well to face matters squarely.

Sticklers for party discipline there have been ever since parties were organized.

The funny men say, the Democrats of New Hampshire still vote for Isaac Hill, as the Berks County people of Pennsylvania still vote for Andrew Jackson.

But Andrew Jackson was not the manner of man that U. S. Grant is quite commonly believed to be, and the latter's shortcomings will prevent any of those suffrage eccentricities which the former's popularity created.

Grant has no popularity, and party discipline won't save him, if the Cincinnati Convention comprehends the temper and wants of the people.

### DIES GAME.

THE Tichborne claimant "dies game." From Newgate Jail he addresses a letter to the editor of the London Times, in which he declares himself a victim of "Might against Right," and asserts his intention of fighting out his claim.

"Cruelly persecuted," he "appeals" to the British public to assist him with funds for his defense, and, in his own language, "in doing so, appeals to every British soul who is inspired by a love of justice and fair play, and who is willing to defend the weak against the strong."

He proposes that subscriptions for carrying on his case shall be sent to his solicitor, whom he names, "in trust for the purpose of his defense only," that such sums may not be confiscated by the solicitors under his bankruptcy. The stubborn pluck and pertinacity of the man, under the mountain-weight of difficulties impending over him, are truly remarkable.

But it is more than doubtful whether this last appeal from his prison will strike any but deaf ears, or open the pockets of the public to sustain a cause now deemed desperate.

The public sentiment, which first seemed so favorable to him, and allowed him to raise large sums of money on bonds, now hawked about London for a shilling, appears to have set against him of late, even before the recent collapse of his case.

But in the strange narratives of fictitious personations which give a romantic interest to the dry records of Jurisprudence, this man and his suit must ever figure as among the most extraordinary, when its circumstances and collaterals are taken into consideration.

We may, however, now consider it as a completed case, and this cry from Newgate is probably the last echo of it which will reach us on this side of the Atlantic.

There are many persons on the other side who will have substantial reasons for remembering the affair to their cost, for the expenses of the litigation have been enormous on both sides.

THERE is a magazine printed in London named *Belgravia*. Its title would indicate that its *habitat* is the aristocratic district of the same name, and that its readers belong to a reasonably intelligent community. That may be so; but its contributors, certainly when they undertake to write about America, accomplish the feat that Dogberry was so solicitous somebody should perform for him. In an article on "The American Press," as full of blunders and obvious falsehoods as it could well be stuffed—and which is worth no one's while to set right or controvert—it says: "Harper's Illustrated Newspaper is the London News of the States, and is published in New York, having an enormous circulation through the entire country, North and South. Prior to 1867, this



Journal used to transfer most of the woodcuts of its London namesake without much apology; but in that year it specially engaged Mr. Linton from England, in order to raise the tone of American wood-engraving, which was formerly very poor, until Mr. Linton's advent gave a fresh impetus to the art. We have nothing to say of the taste of the writer as to the relative importance of *Harper's* or any other illustrated paper in America, but if any credit is to be attached to "specially engaging" the distinguished artist alluded to, or his equally distinguished brother, it belongs to this publication—which has "transferred" fewer foreign pictures, and published more original ones, and paid more to artists, foreign and domestic, than any and all the illustrated publications of America put together. There is a density of ignorance among English writers that approaches the sublime!

PRINCE BISMARCK, according to the Berlin correspondent of the *London Times*, continues his war with the Ultramontanes. Not only does he continue to pay the salaries of excommunicated chaplains and professors—as is also to be done in Austria, under a new order of Prince Auersperg—but he has required the Bishop of Ermeland to withdraw an excommunication inflicted upon a school-teacher, under penalty of losing his State salary—a distinct attempt to prohibit spiritual action by secular means. In Baden, the State, under direction from Berlin, has gone even further, having prohibited all monks and non-German priests from preaching in the State churches, and suspended the law of compulsory attendance at school whenever the teacher is an infallibilist.

ACCORDING to statistics supplied by the Emigration officials at Liverpool, there sailed from the Mersey, during the month of February, 29 ships to the United States, with 712 cabin and 6,290 steerage passengers, of whom 3,923 were English, 127 Scotch, 687 Irish, and 2,265 foreigners, the total being 7,003, or an increase, of 3,072 upon the same month of last year. These figures show a large increase, and are evidence of the truth of what we have so long asserted, that British emigration to the United States has been swelling with great rapidity. To whatever the circumstance may be due, the fact is undeniable that we are on the eve of an exodus of the English to the United States.

REFERRING to the Geneva *fiasco* (for such it will prove to be, if not worse), a London paper says: "We gain the advantage of enforcing directly upon the Arbitrators themselves those insuperable objections to consequential damages of which they have indirectly, no doubt, become aware." But how can you enforce before the Arbitrators what you don't admit the Arbitrators' right to decide at all, without hazarding your whole position, and also laying yourselves open to the charge that you have virtually appealed to the very authority which you claim to ignore?

### THE DARWINIAN THEORY ILLUSTRATED.

OUR artist has given a humorous and satirical illustration from actual life of one of the favorite theories of Darwin, which have created an excitement almost without parallel in the scientific as well as in the religious world. One of those theories being that there has been a gradual and progressive variation from the lowest order of animals to the highest, it will be hardly straining his proposition to assume that at some remote period of creation the monkey may have been the ancestor of the human race. If this be conceded, it may not be regarded as impossible that in the march of progress a gleam of intelligence may flash across the mind or instinct of the monkey, and suggest to him the idea of claiming kindred with his more favored brother. To accomplish this, inasmuch as language is as yet denied him, the only method left to express his thoughts would be by signs indicating that he recognized points of resemblance between himself and some member of the human family, and to enforce that idea by an effort to introduce himself as a familiar acquaintance, without regard to the wishes of the individual.

After these remarks, the scene depicted by our artist, in which the monkey of an itinerant organ-grinder has suddenly fastened himself upon the head of a little negro of the pure African type, needs no further explanation. The interest, if not affection, manifested by the animal, and the surprise, if not dismay, of the juvenile human, are graphically portrayed; and while the bystanders probably never heard of Darwin, or his theories, it is not unlikely that they, too, may regard the incident as an instance of natural selection.

In his work on "The Origin of Species," Darwin gives the following definition of the term "natural selection":

"Let it be borne in mind how infinitely complex and close-fitting are the mutual relations of all organic beings to each and to their physical conditions of life. Can it then be thought improbable, seeing that variations useful to man have undoubtedly occurred, that other variations useful in some way to each being in the great and complex battle of life should sometimes occur in the course of thousands of generations? If such do occur, can

we doubt remembering that many more individuals are born than can possibly survive; that individuals having any advantage, however slight, over others, would have the best chance of surviving and of procreating their kind? On the other hand, we may feel sure that any variation in the least degree injurious would be rigidly destroyed. This preservation of favorable variations and the rejection of injurious variations, I call Natural Selection.

### LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

No. III.

#### THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.

IT is beginning—to say the least of it—to be palpable that the idea of the Cincinnati Convention is more than popular. The political portents indicate a healthful storm to follow that Convocation, which—if properly directed—will sweep the nation. Not a narrow current that shall merely carry a State or a section, with the pushing help of selfish, corrupt Party Engineering, but a grand, old-time uprising for the Union and the Amended Constitution and the New Nation; an awakening such as that which followed the fall of Sumter.

I think that the tremulous tactics of the Military Ring and the empty abuse of the King Press, as leveled against Cincinnati, furnish proof that the pure and simple Office-Holders and Office-Holders see the clans gathering who are to draw the line of demarcation, at Cincinnati, between that handful and their narrow aims, and those of a great people, who are yearning for the complete restoration and progress of a Common Country. A noble patriotism, when once it fully stimulates the free and generous masses, cannot fail to make short work of all the machinery and prejudices (which is all that there is of the Military Ring and its satellites) left by the war—all the disgusting and needless divisions, kept alive by designing men only for personal purposes, between the public which represents alike the patriotic sentiments of all Liberals, whether called Republicans or Democrats.

It is impossible for the people to close their eyes against the fact that the time has come to reunite the sections, and to put down all wicked and silly agitators. We have been divided long enough. The Reconstruction Acts are accepted. All of the aggressive mission of the Republican Party has been fulfilled. A NEW NATION is born. The growing sentiment is, Let us get rid of the old dangerous barnacles, and go ahead in the ways of statesmanship and peace. Let us first see to it—all of us, North and South, Republicans and Democrats—that we lay strong and deep the foundations of a patriotic and wise American Party. After that is done, and well done, we may afford to differ upon new and harmless issues. But, until this work of National Restoration is wisely achieved beyond all question, all else must be held subordinate thereto. We must have men adapted to the new era—the Grant wing of the Republican Party does not comprise such men! They stand out as the men of the President of Section and of Faction, when contrasted with the grand army of National progress. It is vain to deny this fact. Abuse cannot destroy it. Prejudice will not long cloud it. The machinery of the Office-Holders' Philadelphia Convention must submit to it, or be torn into fragments by it—that is, unless Cincinnati shall throw away the noblest opportunity of modern times.

This movement is no personal quarrel with General Grant. It simply means that he shall retire on his military laurels, his money and other rewards, and make way for new ideas, and for men whose experience and prestige commend them as statesmen to the whole country—old names, trained in civil government, of well-established civil characters and political attainments, whom we all know and can all trust. So far from being a third party or a war against the Republican Party, Cincinnati proposes to fuse all loyal elements into the Republican ranks. To solidify and nationalize the Republican Party, here in the North; to teach it better things than eternal sectional political war and prejudice. To inspire in it higher hopes than are bounded by Wall Street, and a nobler ambition than to cling, like hyenas, about the graves of the slaughtered and bankrupt South, and the dead bones of the Chicago and New York Democratic Presidential Conventions of 1864 and 1868. We propose to live in the Future, and not to die with the Past. We are done with mounting guard, with forming military sectional lines. The simpletons are few who really think that pickets are needed to warn us of the approach of the defunct Southern Confederacy. It has blown its last bugle, sounded its last trumpet. We propose, at Cincinnati, to solidify the Republican Party, also, in the South—not by carpet-baggers and bayonets, but by taking hold of the hearts of their people with that strong American love for our common traditions which still burns in their souls. Only the trade of politics now divides the sections. The struggle of sectional war had a mighty heart in it, which beat high and strong. Sectional trading in politics, on the other hand, is the low, sneaking and base thing which all the tyrants of mankind hail with delight, because in that ignoble direction they behold our Democracy tumbling into faction, dismemberment, anarchy, chaos, despotism.

Even if General Grant proposed to carry out all the objects suggested by the Cincinnati Convention—as he does not—it would be impossible for him to secure confidence enough among the sections to harmonize and help forward this new mission. He has gone too far in the opposite direction—too far in his sectional policy, too far in the bad work of heaping power, honor and trust on corrupt, arrogant, inefficient and contemptible men; too far in the by no means light thing of belittling the exalted chair which he ungracefully fills. The heart that finds its echo in the party and sectional fury of Hon. Mr. Morton, its exponent in Tom Murphy, and its expression through "Jones," can awaken no response with the promoters of the Christian War laid out for Cincinnati. Indeed, it is the personal sectional tone of the President and of his advisers, quite as much as any other cause, which gives birth to the Cincinnati Convention.

I stood near Mr. Lincoln when he made his last public speech in Washington, after the fall of Richmond. Speaking of reconstruction, he said: "We can't have chickens if we smash the eggs!" After the band had given "Yankee Doodle," Old Abe remarked that he had consulted the Attorney-General as to whether the American army had finally captured "Dixie." "Having received an affirmative opinion," continued Uncle Abe, "I now move that the music gives us 'Dixie,' as *our* property." And so the strains of "Dixie" and "Yankee Doodle" were blended, on the first return of peace, and at the request of Abraham Lincoln.

Now that reconstruction is settled, it is, for Cincinnati to execute that testament of the martyred President.

Another four years of practical Anarchy, and it may be too late to restore the tone of the nation. In that event the well-known prophecy of the English Premier will be verified—"With the close of the American War and the debility of a forced reunion, begins the downfall of the boasted Republic."

JUNIUS.

### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

#### The English Universities' Boat-Race.

In spite of the wintry weather on the day of the race, which deterred many of the gentler sex from witnessing the contest, the banks of the Thames, the bridges, and the boats allowed to lie in convenient bays of the shore, were densely crowded with spectators along the latter part of the course, toward Mortlake. It was not so at Putney and Fulham, near the starting-point. From the Aqueduct to the Boat-houses and from the Boat-houses to the Soap Works, the towing-path was but scantily occupied. The start was witnessed, however, by the parties on board the four privileged steamboats just above the Aqueduct—those of the Empire, the University of Oxford, the University of Cambridge, and the Press. The London Club Boat-house also gave shelter to a large company of members and friends. We give an illustration of the start. On Hammersmith Bridge, at Chiswick, Barnes, and Mortlake, thousands of sight-seers had collected, the majority being, of course, on the Surrey side of the river. Barnes Bridge was thickly tenanted by a well-dressed crowd, but the greatest masses of people were collected at the Ship at Mortlake and in the neighborhood of the winning-flag. Tiers of barges, steam-vessels and row-boats were moored on the Middlesex side of the river between Hammersmith and a point about two hundred yards above Chiswick Church, and on the Surrey side, between the western extremity of the reservoirs of the West Middlesex Waterworks, below Barnes, and the point at which the race finished at Mortlake.

#### Mazzini in his Study at Brompton—His Funeral Passing along the Arno.

Our engraving represents the great Italian in the corner of the room, where he habitually sat. Behind him hung a view of the city of Verona, and near it a bird-cage. Two of the birds are with their master. The chimney-piece was of white marble, but the shelf was covered with red velvet with a long fringe. At one end was a bust of Garibaldi; at the other, of Mazzini himself. Between the picture of Verona and the pier-glass were some dried fern leaves, given to Mazzini by a Polish friend. The other illustration represents his funeral cortege passing along the banks of the Arno, in the ancient city of Pisa, on the way to the celebrated cemetery of Campo Santo.

#### Testing the New Iron Shears at Chatham Extension Dockyard, England.

The new iron shear-legs, or lifting-machine, worked by steam, recently erected at the Chatham Dockyard by Messrs. Day & Summers, was officially tested lately in the presence of Captain W. C. Chamberlain, the Captain Superintendent, and the chief officials of the Yard, the makers of the machine being also present. The tall and massive instrument was tested by lifting no less than one hundred tons of iron. With this great weight it was easily worked, the load being lifted to a considerable height and suspended over the repairing-basin. The trial was highly satisfactory.

#### Mustering the Irregular Troops of a Native State in India.

Many of the larger semi-independent States of India now support quasi-regular regiments of horse, foot and artillery, drilled and equipped after the manner of H.M.'s forces, but the main strength of their armies consists in such irregular troops as are shown in the sketch. Their ranks are chiefly filled by mercenaries such as Arabs, Sindees, Mekranees, and similar rough, hardy tribes, who are soldiers by nature, but whose insurmountable dislike to drill, discipline and uniform prevents their enlisting into the British service. Of these, the Arabs are considered the most, and the Mekranees the least to be depended on. The former can fight uncommonly well when they like, especially behind a rampart or in hilly country, and have often, in the history of British arms in India, given proof of their worth. Our illustration represents the mustering of a body of these irregular troops.

#### Alsacian Emigrants Arriving at Constantine, Algiers.

The first batch of emigrants from Alsace, to the number of 100, who are to colonize in Algiers, arrived at Constantine, recently. Their cantonment will be among the tribe of Beni Zaida. A large crowd, comprising all classes of the population, received them at the depot of Constantine with a band of music, and conducted them to their cantonment, where a banquet had been prepared for them.

#### A Scene in the French Assembly.

The scene of disorder in the French National Assembly at Versailles, on the 12th of March, has been noticed by the Press. It arose from discussing the report of a Parliamentary Commission appointed to decide what course should be taken in regard to two deputies, Pierre Lefranc and Rouvier, who had written articles injuriously reflecting on the Chamber and the "Commission of Pardons." It was a case in which the two sides of the Chamber were fairly at issue; and when MM. Lefranc and Rouvier attempted to speak for themselves, the Right, or Conservative Party, refused to hear them. A storm of clamor, which the President, M. Vitet, was unable to put down, continued more than an hour, while one speaker after another mounted the tribune, only to hold it for a moment, shout violently and incoherently, and then yield the post to a new assailant. The President's voice failed to make itself heard, and he rang his bell in vain. The accused members claimed to be prosecuted and tried by the regular tribunals, while the Conservative majority resolved to grant them the "amnesty of contempt." This the members of the Left declined. However much the majority might carry it, they shouted that they refused to be bound by any such vote, or to receive any such amnesty, and, finally, they rose to leave the Chamber *en masse*. Then the Right shouted jeeringly, "Bon voyage!" "Allez vous en!" and sung taunts with great zest to the minority, who were much divided among themselves as to the best course to pursue. The tumult was suddenly stopped by the entrance of a foreign spectator, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

EDWIN ADAMS is in Cincinnati.

AIMÉE was at Chicago on the 8th.

MRS. JOHN WOOD remains at Niblo's.

LOTTA is burlesquing in San Francisco.

JANASCHKE sang at New Orleans on the 15th.

E. A. SOTHERN played in Cincinnati on the 15th.

THE Worrell sisters are at the Theatre Comique.

MACEVON'S HIBERNICON has opened at the St. James.

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH and company are at the South.

LADY AVONMORE is giving readings in Bombay, India.

THE "Rose of Erin" is singing to the Bostonians.

IDA ROSBURG has made a complete success in Milan in "Rigoletto."

THE Vokes family appeared at the Union Square Theatre on the 15th.

THE Berger family of Swiss bell-ringers are making a tour of the South.

THE gorgeous wonders of "Lalla Rookh" fill the Grand Opera House nightly.

AIKEN'S MUSEUM, in Brooklyn, has opened with the "Witches of New York."

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS is to appear in "Ordeal by Touch" at the Queen's Theatre, London.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" has been "reconstructed" for the fourth time, at the Olympic.

PANTOMIMES and spectacle pieces are still running in London, Eng., and provincial theatres.

In a new play in Paris there is introduced the exact imitation of the sound of a shell bursting.

LYDIA THOMPSON received in Richmond, Va., a bale of cotton, which was wheeled upon the stage.

"GIOVANNINA AVIGLIANI" is the name under which Miss Jeanie Armstrong, of Wisconsin, Me., is now singing in Italy.

"Gold," a drama founded on the Black Friday panic of three years ago, runs well at the Broadway Theatre, lately the Globe.

A SPECTACULAR drama of American life by Messrs. Melhac and Halevy, entitled "Jonathan," is coming out at the Châtelet Theatre, Paris.

"DANIEL MANIN," a radical play, has been produced in Paris, in opposition to "Rabagas" and "Le Roi Carotte," plays of totally different character.

TWO INTERESTING dramatic and musical entertainments take place on the evenings of the 16th and 18th, at Robinson's Hall, in Sixteenth Street, for the benefit of the New York Women's Hospital. The programme contains the names of several favorite singers.

A MONSTER musical distribution and carnival, under the management of George H. Ellis, will occur in Rochester, N. Y., on the 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th of July next. Dodworth's famed band, Miss Kellogg, Mlle. Filomeno, the distinguished violinist, and all the city bands, will participate, and a liberal distribution of prizes close the carnival.

### SCIENTIFIC.

PROFESSOR SHALES has stated his belief, from the result of observation, that the rattlesnake's rattle is actually beneficial to it, its object being to imitate the sound of the cicada or other insect which forms the food of many birds, thus attracting them within its power, and accounting for the apparent "fascination" of its prey, which must now be consigned to the limbo of travelers' tales.

In 1596 the Dutch explorers in Nova Zembla constructed a small wooden hut. Captain Carlsen, in a fishing expedition, between the 9th of September and the 4th of November last, made the tour of Nova Zembla, during which he discovered this house, fallen to ruins and completely covered with ice. In it he found 180 objects of interest; among other things, books which, after nearly 300 years, are in a good state of preservation. The collection is to be placed in the Museum of Amsterdam.

PROFESSOR MARSH reports to the *American Journal of Science* the discovery, during his explorations in 1871, of a remarkable fossil bird. It was found in the Upper Cretaceous of Western Kansas, and the remains consist of the greater portion of the skeleton, at least five feet in height, and which, although a true bird, as is shown by the vertebrae and other parts of the skeleton, differs widely from any known recent or extinct forms of that class, and affords a fine example of a comprehensive type. The bones are all well preserved. The femur is very short, but the other portions of the legs are quite elongated. The metatarsal bones appear to have been separated.

On the recommendation of the Superintendent of the Census, Secretary Delano suggests that Congress purchase the machine now in use in the Census Office in the compilation of the statistics of age and sex. The utility of such a course is argued from the fact that while the entire force of clerks, 124 in number, averaged 74 pages per day, the machine was found capable of 63 pages, an increase of 13 pages from the time it was first set in operation. That it may be expected to work as well as the best clerks, who accomplish 124 pages per day, is not asserted; but as the cost of a day's clerical labor is \$3.75, while the machine only calls for first cost, and is available for any future census, the money consideration is dwelt upon as one of weight, the probable saving being reported as from \$40,000 to \$45,000.

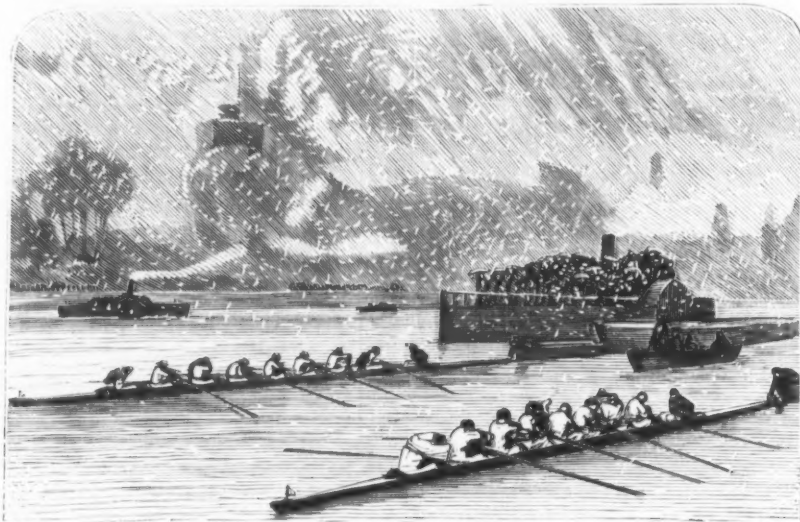
HOW GREAT a flame a little fire kindleth! How great a destruction a little insect may occasion! There is a little molusk—the *Teredo navalis*—which was at one time the terror of all shipowners. It would quietly and unsuspectingly pierce with thousands of holes the hardest timbers. Ships were rendered valueless, docks destroyed, and at one time all Holland was in consternation at the discovery that the piles of her embankments were bored through, and the country in imminent danger. A distinguished naturalist discovered that at certain seasons the female of this species carries her eggs in the folds of her respiratory organs. They remain there until they are fecundated by the milk of the male, floating in the water. He also found that a weak solution of mercury thrown into the water destroyed that milk and prevented their fecundation, and thus, in a few seasons, shipowners were enabled to clear their docks of this hitherto unconquered marauder.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



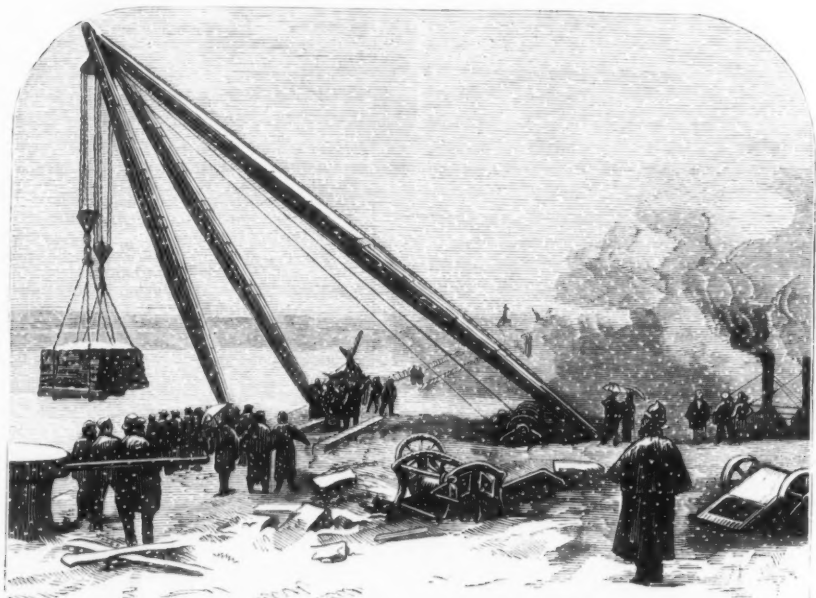
ENGLAND.—THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE—"OH, DEAR, WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT!"



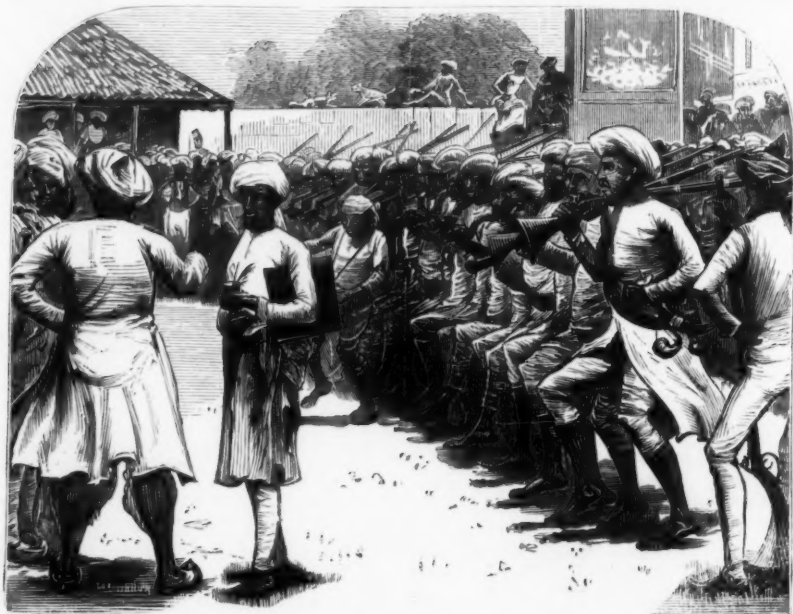
ENGLAND.—THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE—THE START.



ENGLAND.—MAZZINI IN HIS STUDY AT BROMPTON.



ENGLAND.—TESTING THE NEW SHEERS AT CHATHAM EXTENSION DOCKYARD.



EAST INDIES.—MUSTER OF THE IRREGULAR TROOPS OF A NATIVE STATE.



ALGERIA.—ARRIVAL OF FRENCH EMIGRANTS FROM ALSACE AT CONSTANTINE.



FRANCE.—A SCENE IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.



ITALY.—MAZZINI'S FUNERAL—THE CORTÈGE PASSING ALONG THE ARNO.





# HOW MUCH THEY LIKE HIM.

UNCLE SAM—"Well, boys, I want you to tell me, candidly, how do you like this master of yours?"  
 TRUSTEY BOY S—"Oh! uncle, you can't get their real opinion of him here; they don't dare to say their souls are their own. But you just ask them privately, after school's out, and you'll find that they don't like him any better than we do."



# WHEN THE GREEN LEAVES COME AGAIN.

When the green leaves come again,  
When the sky is blue and clear,  
When in every nook and glen  
Fair pale primrose-tufts appear;  
When the moss is softly spread  
Underneath the beechen tree,  
And within its mossy bed  
Sings the streamlet merrily;  
When bright Spring, with lavish hand  
Scattering gifts, begins her reign,  
Ah! we'll be happy then, love,  
When the green leaves come again.

When the green leaves come again:  
Strange the words sound of my song,  
While the rain beats on the pane,  
And the fierce wind sweeps along;  
In the darkening room alone  
On the leaden sky I gaze,  
While my thoughts afar have flown  
To the hopes of earlier days.  
Wildly, wildly moans the wind;  
Sadly, sadly falls the rain,  
But we'll be happy yet, love,  
When the green leaves come again.

Hence, then, sighs and said repinings;  
Come, sweet sunshine, after rain;  
Show, oh, clouds, your silver linings;  
Quick, ye green leaves, burst again.  
Aid, fair wind, the vessel sailing  
Homeward o'er a distant sea;  
Let not time nor tide be failing,  
Bring the absent back to me.  
To the joy the Spring can bring,  
Weighs as naught the Winter's pain;  
Silent birds break out and sing  
When the green leaves come again.

## IN A SLEEPING CAR.

BY

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

YOUNG Philip Murray was regarded by all who knew him as the soul of honor. A sterling Scotch ancestry, through generations of uprightness, had imparted lofty principles to his very blood; and he had been personally reared in a manner that had made probity so much a daily matter of life, that he had no knowledge of its opposite, nor acquaintance with a single temptation to avarice or falsehood. He was, in fact, so passionately honest that he would have been as sensitive to a breath of suspicion as some electrified substance to a touch of its negative; and it was because this dominant trait of his character was so perfectly apparent that he was trusted as few men of his years have ever been in this era of malfeasance and misgiving.

He was a gigantic young fellow in frame, with a fair, handsome face, whose frank smile and fearless brow won your heart at once. He had a fist like a sledge-hammer, and a depth of chest worthy of a prize-fighter—adventitious circumstances to him, as he never had been known to lift his hand against a fly. Possibly, if he had been a small person, conscious that he was at the mercy of every superior power, he would have been as irascible and pugnacious and ready for combat as the most ambitious little man alive.

As it was, the sight of so much gentleness with so much strength was very attractive, and always gave such a reassuring idea of latent force as inclined one to place unlimited confidence in him.

Perhaps such unlimited confidence is not altogether a desirable thing to receive, bringing with it, as it is apt to, an unfair share of responsibility, and reposing more burdens on the shoulders than fate and fortune have already ordered. At any rate, Philip Murray declares that it brought him into the worst scrape of all his life—which, after all, is not very strong language, as it is to be doubted if he ever had another scrape of any sort whatever.

"Going east, Phil?" asked Mr. Warmoth, seeing him just about to purchase a through ticket home. "I didn't know you thought of it quite so soon."

"Going east," answered the young giant, opening a thick little wallet. "Going back to civilization—rather tired of roughing it. Give me a lower berth," said he then to the agent; "as near the middle of the car as you can."

"So you choose the middle?" said Mr. Warmoth.

"Yes; easier motion there, I fancy."

"Not a bed of roses anywhere. But I always take a forward seat."

"What for?" To have a bursting wheel put a spike through you?"

"Just the same possibility of breaking down in the middle as of being hurt by the wheel, sir. No; on account of the air chiefly; so as to get a whiff of the outer world now and then, and not have a whole carful of bad breath blown in my face every time the door opens."

"Well, I'm glad you've something to say for the seat over the wheels, in case I'm ever reduced to Hobson's choice. But here, you see, is my lower berth, directly in the middle."

"Within half an inch of the middle, sir," said the agent, tossing him the ticket.

"Thank you," said Philip, clasping his wallet again.

"I beg your pardon," said a gentlemanly young strippling, whose red hair and chestnut mustache, it struck Philip as he turned, were thrown out by a blue beaver great-coat like the harmonious lights and shadows of a picture; "but haven't you left some of your change?" And he pointed to a piece of fractional currency lying on the counter.

Philip took out his wallet again and opened it—he was always a little deliberate in his movements—displaying, as he did so, its well-lined sides, in one of which he had pinned his diamond scarf-pin. "No," replied he, directly;

"all my change is here. That belongs to somebody else. Good-morning." And he and Mr. Warmoth went up the street together, neither of them aware that temptation to crime had been offered by their open conversation and demeanor.

"Philip," said Mr. Warmoth—an old friend, who had shared bed and board with him for many a month in the rude life they had led, who had nursed him once through an illness, and who had always taken the liberty of advising him to save his money; advice he never followed—"I've half the mind to ask you to do me a great favor."

"Make it a whole," said Philip.

"I don't know about it. It's really a great deal to ask a man to do on such a journey as lies before you."

"Nonsense. I shall be glad to do anything you wish. All the more if it's anything to occupy me. What is it?"

"It's to take charge of some money—a large sum—a large sum for me, that is. All I have, except what's in my business. I want to send it home for my wife to invest for me in a farm we both set our hearts on when we were young. I'll tell you about it, Philip. You know I came to grief in the East, and I found no business till I got out here. So, for the years I've been here, I've sent back a good support to my wife and the children, but no more; and I know she thinks it a damned strange thing that I can stay away from her and home for only that. But I've been hearing; going without this, that and the other, till I've no doubt, you thought me closer than the bark of a tree, so as to swell the fund, and for her to know, when she sees it, that I'm not staying away for nothing, but am making sure of comfort and security for the rest of our days—do you see? And though I've managed at last to get it all in the form of a single draft, I don't trust it to such uncertain mails as we have hereabouts. It's only last week, you know, that Brooks had his mail robbed."

"Of course. I shouldn't in your place. I'll take it for you with pleasure. I'll be delighted to take it for you!" said Philip, quite warm with sympathy.

"That's good of you! Now, look here, pin it inside your shirt."

"No, indeed; it would be torn to shreds. A draft, you said. I'll fold it away in that pocket of my wallet, under that bit of poetry I cut from the *Register*, and it will be as safe as if it were in a bank-vault. I should like to see the rascal that could rob me!" said Philip, squaring his shoulders and contemplating his great fists.

"Thank you a thousand times, my dear fellow. I've been worrying and wondering how I could send it; for if I lost it I don't know how I could begin all over again at my time of life; it would just kill me."

"No, it wouldn't," said Philip.

"Well, perhaps not. But it would go hard. For, little as it is, it's all I have, as I said. And you will be doing an immense service. I appreciate it. For it would spoil all the journey for me if I had such a charge on me. There it is, all in due form, you see—a draft drawn on the Redfield Bank for seven thousand dollars—and you can hand it to my wife yourself."

"I'll do it. I've had charge of ten times the money."

"It'll pay you, though, to see how glad she'll be to have it," said Mr. Warmoth—"by Jove, it will! For she hasn't an idea that I've put away an individual dollar."

And Philip, pleased with the prospect of Mrs. Warmoth's pleasure, smiling a little, too, at her husband's extreme caution, folded the strip of paper away in the pocket of his wallet, and went to get a cup of tea; and then, satchel in hand, he wended his way to the train, and was, in a few minutes, safely ensconced, and waiting till he found himself moving toward the seaboard on the velvet cushions of a palace-car.

A palace-car! When Philip came to the place he was now leaving, he had traveled in one of those low, old-fashioned boxes, where the bad air of the unventilated narrowness made the victims only half insensible of their discomforts while they endured them; and he had had occasion to take but few and brief trips since. He had always, since first hearing of the thing, looked forward to riding in a palace-car as one of the promised pleasures of life. Now, as he sat in his slip, before the starting of the train, he looked about him with a realizing sense of the luxury into which the expenditure of a few dollars had ushered him. Wainscoting of dark polished woods, over which rose a dome of stained glass, and painted panels, and wonderfully quilted leather-work, lattices of silver wire, windows of plate glass, movable velvet arm-chairs and foot-stools, water-tanks, wax-lights, mirrors, room—"Here's richness," said Phil, and unfolded his paper with a comfortable sense that it all belonged to him.

But alas for the vanity of earthly hopes! Presently the train began to move, and the palace-car, of course, began to move with it—to move mysteriously, considering it was on a railway—to move without jerk, or jar, or rumble, to swing with gentle oscillation, to vibrate rather than to jolt, to creak with long, bending creaks, like a ship laboring through the waves, to pitch and toss, and rise and fall, while all objects glided softly and soundlessly by, to rock and roll as if afloat a hundred miles from land in the high seas; and Philip divined that he was either in a new car, whose springs had not yet bent down to their work, and, holding it aloft, swung it to and fro like a hammock, or else in one hung to simulate the soft and sleepy rolling of a ship at sea. Nothing did he care which it was; he was sick of the car and the world at once—deadly sick, and ready to throw up the whole business. He found the strength to call a porter, to stagger to another seat while his own berth was being made up, and in his impatience for a horizontal position began to divest himself of

his cloak and upper garments before his curtains were hung, cursing modern improvements with all his soul, and longing to be shaken up asleep on a sand-heap in a good old comfortable gravel-train.

Just as Philip's berth was ready, the cars stopped for water or coal or something else, and in the blessed intervals from new qualms he was able to snatch off his shoes, to drop his watch into his trousers-pocket and secure the button, and to take out his wallet and slip it into the pocket of his waistcoat.

"Just a fit," said he to himself, as he crushed the waistcoat into a tight roll and placed it under his pillow; and then, as the cars renewed the uneven tenor of their way, he dived between the scarlet blankets, rolled himself up in them safely, and drew his curtains last of all, careless who saw his arrangements, forgetful that any one did, and morally sure that every one else in the car must be quite as sick as he was—having observed the precaution of taking care of his watch and his wallet more because he had been told that that was the proper thing to do, than because he had the most distant or vague imagination of the neighborhood of a pickpocket.

Such sensations as he was experiencing, fit to rend soul from body, able to make one indifferent to life or death, to collision or explosion or conflagration, open drawbridge or sliding embankment, to snapping rail or misplaced switch or broken wheel, must render you equally indifferent to your neighbor's purse and property; he felt as secure as an Englishman feels in his castle, and when, a little better accustomed to the disgusting motion, he became aware of a gentle languor and drowsiness creeping over him, as he heard berth after berth slung down, and fancied one passenger after another disappearing in them, and dreamily heard the partner of his own section clambering in overhead, he welcomed the oblivion warmly, and was presently asleep, and, having been afflicted with a cold, was snoring a running accompaniment to the rumble of the train as loudly as any sleeping Beaneberges of them all.

It is true that horrid dreams beset our young friend that night. He woke up quaking at one time with an apprehension he had never felt awake, that the sun had burst into three fragments, and the world was coming to an end; and after that, confused between a sense of prostrating himself under the car of Juggernaut, and of being a paving-stone beneath the tread of an army thundering over him, he slumbered on uneasily but stentorianly till the train slackened its speed at a morning-station.

As he opened his eyes then, Philip saw the early daylight paling the candle-rays, and, brushing the vapor from his window, noted a gray dawn breaking over a strange country, and, just beginning to blush above it, noted, too, that he has no longer sea-sick—if the phrase belongs to *terra firma*—and suddenly pitched himself out upon the floor in high spirits, persuaded that he was a jolly old seadog, who had found his sea-legs, and been called to the early watch.

So he put on his shoes when he found them, straightened his garments, thrust his hand under his pillow and pulled forth the little tight roll of his waistcoat just as he had left it, flung it out and put it on; remembered his wallet, and felt for it. It was gone!

Gone! It had worked out during the night, he said; could hardly help it in all that shaking and tumbling. Or stay—possibly—just possibly—he had put it in another pocket! And he began to slap himself vigorously wherever one of those hiding-places was to be found: but vainly. Then he hurriedly caught down his coat from the hook—his great-coat; the wallet was in neither of them. How could it be, when he knew exactly where he had placed it? He opened the bed, lifted the pillow, felt in all the corners and down all the cracks, took off the blankets and the sheets, lifted the mattress. There was no wallet to be found.

For an instant, then, the young man sat down upon the edge of the berth, more faint and sick than all the rolling and rocking of the car had made him on the night before. Plainly, he had been robbed. How—by whom—he did not immediately conjecture. He was too much stunned to consider anything but the mere fact, and its immediate relation to himself. All his money was in the wallet—five hundred dollars and some change, for he had been a salaried man, spending pretty much as he went—he had not even a loose penny anywhere in his pockets to buy a paper, to get a breakfast—a breakfast? not even a dry roll! He had not a five-cent piece to take him in a car the three miles to the other train, when he should reach New York. And, meanwhile, between here and New York there was ample time for starving. He had lost every cent he had in the world. And worse, infinitely worse than that, he had lost Mr. Warmoth's draft! All the work and worry of years, the self-denial, the saving, the hope, the happiness, and more than all, trust-money!

But in a moment or two, the stunning effect had passed off, and he began to marvel and question, and see that if anything was to be done about the matter at all, it must be done at once. As it was, perhaps, the thief had left the train at that morning-station. Beckoning one of the porters, he sent him for the conductor; and when that official arrived, briefly told him the facts.

The conductor stared at him aghast. If he were acting, and were in league with the rogue, it struck Philip that the acting was very superior; for never having suspected anybody before in all his life, now this sudden outrage inclined him to suspect everybody.

"I wouldn't have had it happen for my right hand!" exclaimed the conductor. "Nothing of the kind ever occurred on my train before. Are you sure you're right? I don't know how to believe it."

"Sure I'm right!"

"Excuse me. I must take your word for it. Yet, no one has left the train that I have seen."

Now, what do you want me to do about it?" said the conductor, nervously.

"I want you to lock both doors of this car at once, and have a search made of every man and every nook in the car. Honest men won't object to that for the sake of finding the rogue. I don't expect to get my wallet, though; I'm sure it left the car at the last station. The berth over me was occupied, you see, and is empty now. But I can't have a chance neglected."

"Ah? The berth above! That looks like business now. Very well; everything shall be done as you wish. I'd rather lose a year's pay than not find it. John! James! Step along quietly and lock the doors and bring the keys back to me. Then fetch a broom. You will let me satisfy myself that it is nowhere about the place before disturbing the passengers? A thick wallet, you said; Russia leather. Was there a large sum in it?"

"Five hundred odd dollars, some valuable papers, a diamond pin, and a draft for seven thousand dollars, payable to bearer."

"Whew! a fine haul! Well, sir, I'll do my best. But if it was stolen by that passenger, and he made off without being seen, the odds are all against us, in the matter of ever getting it again. I wouldn't have had it happen for my right hand!"

So the bed was taken apart again, and poked and pushed and shaken and shut away, the seats were displaced, the floor was swept, all was put to rights again, and nothing rewarded the search. The upper berth was examined and disposed of, too, for the occupant had not returned; and a brakeman now remembered some one's getting off at a station where they stopped in the night. "My purse went with him," said Phil. "Nothing easier. He could have seen me undress and arrange my clothes. He could have satisfied himself that I was asleep; could have slipped down, hidden by the curtains, have worn his hand in under my pillow and gotten hold of the waistcoat, and slowly and gradually have worked it out, helped by all the bumping and thumping that could cause his movements to be unsuspected by a sleeper, have secured the purse, and then, to delay detection, put the waistcoat back where he found it. He had half the night to do it in. That was the way, and that was the man."

"I trust not," said the conductor. "For if it was, the case is hopeless, as I told you. You might as well track a straw blown by the wind as a casual passenger leaving a train in the woods at night."

A half hour passed—a period of torment to poor Phil, who did not dare to hope that his wallet could be found, and did not dare to despair of it, and to whom this work of suspecting and questioning and searching his fellow-men, even with their consent, was nauseous. Half the passengers had been routed out; certain ones, known to Phil, he had declined to disturb; the whole car had been examined, the whole floor swept, and they were as well off as they were before. Every one in the car, with the exception of a few sleepily sluggards, had taken an interest in the case; every one looking in that fresh innocent face of Phil's, had believed the story at once, and implicitly; every one thought the victim might just as easily have been himself. The last hope of Phil's—that the thief, examining his treasure-trove, and finding within it the card of a certain famous general of cavalry which had been given to Phil by some one as an autograph of the great man, might fancy the wallet to be the cavalryman's property, and restore it through fear of more serious consequences than follow the thefts from those of less importance—this hope had gone at last, and left the unfortunate young man as wretched as his worst enemy, if he had one at all, could desire.

Poor Phil stood leaning against a seat, at one end of the car, the picture of despondency—his waistcoat not buttoned, his coats on either arm. He had forgotten sea-sickness, toilet, everything. His pride was destroyed, his honor was lost, he was ruined. For his own money he cared only as little as might be—care, of course—but cared nothing for that in comparison with the trust-money. He saw his friend broken and crushed, going to the bad desperately, or else beginning over again the long course of self-denial and labor that had made him old before his time; he saw the wife's sorrow, the children's deprivation; he saw himself loaded to the earth with a debt of seven thousand dollars, at the age of twenty-two—for pay the money back with interest and to the utmost farthing—was something whose intention was as inseparable from his consciousness as the fact of its loss. Asleep? What right had he to sleep? He, with another man's life and fortune in his hand? Warmoth had watched more nights than one with him—could he not have paid a portion of the debt by waking now for Warmoth? He not only felt that the worst disaster possible in all the store of ills had befallen him, but the worst disgrace, the greatest sorrow—he did not know how to hold up his head.

He began at last, though, to put on the remainder of his clothes mechanically, and paused, waiting for some one to come out of the little dressing-room beside him, that he might go and wash his face and hands, and make himself respectable as a man without a penny could hope to be. A half-dozen men gathered about him, as he waited, all wondering and querying and suggesting at once. Their sympathy fired Philip anew; he went over the whole story, illustrating how easily the robbery might have been made, how it had probably been done a thousand times before to other men, would be done a thousand times again, his voice high and loud, his body and soul on fire.

As they talked, the occupant of the dressing-room stepped out, and moving to the door, turned the handle to go upon the platform, and found it locked. He turned about, leisurely walking the length of the car to the other



door, and found that locked too. Then he sauntered back to the first end, and joined the group standing there round Philip.

"What's up?" asked he of one of the gentlemen. "You seem to be excited about something."

"There has been a robbery in the car," began one.

"A robbery! Oh, I guess not—"

"No guessing about it!" said another.

"Why, I should have said it could hardly be possible, could it, with the conductor and porters moving up and down all night—"

"Oh, no, the gentleman is very confident he has been robbed."

"Perhaps he has only been careless, and has dropped his purse—was it a purse?"

There was something familiar in that soft tone to Philip, even through all the rattle of the train; he looked up at the man quickly, and with a feeling like that we all know when we imagine that the same thing we are doing now we once have done before; he saw the young man who had accosted him when buying his ticket the previous afternoon, and whose red hair and chestnut mustache his blue beaver great-coat had set off to such advantage. Philip looked away from the man and out of the window; the rosy morning was filling all the crisp snowy world around them with lustre, and the great silver shield of a waning moon hung level in the west, illuminating reaches of prairie stretched far away like hints and promises of minute things; it was impossible for him to believe that in such a bright, clean, sparkling world as this there could breathe so foul and mean a thing as a thief—that thing belonged to reeking city dens, to the caverns under old wharves, to the fast life of a people that live by night, not here by the side of honest men, in the beautiful sunshine, and confronting him!

He desisted himself for his suspicions.

"Well, gentlemen," said the conductor, "we may as well finish the work. I believe you have all kindly granted examination except this—"

"I am quite at your disposal," said the last comer. "And glad to help on a good work. Things are getting to such a pass, that we shall soon have to ask for a legal enactment that no one shall be allowed on a sleeping-car without first exhibiting a certificate of good moral character!"

They were going around a number of short curves just then, at a good speed, before slowing for the next station, and the cluster of men were swinging and swaying hither and yon as the car's motion flung them about. The last comer planted an arm on the conductor's shoulder to steady himself, as at that moment the car tipped more than usual.

"Oh, I beg your pardon for stepping on your foot!" said he, drawing back naturally.

"You didn't step on my foot," said the conductor, drawing back too.

Immediately every one looked on the floor, perhaps to see whose foot had been trodden on, and there lay the wallet.

Phil stooped and picked it up and tore it open, and discovered its contents safe. His first thought was only to vindicate himself, to make sure that Warmoth's draft was intact. But with the next he looked up, a white fire blazing in his eyes, and in another instant the red-haired stripling would, perhaps, have been only a pinch of ashes between his mighty fingers. But the conductor had been before him—had, may be, seen the awful threat in those kindling eyes of Philip's. If he had himself been a tiger, filled with a thirst for blood, he could not have sprung at the man's throat more savagely, clutching him with one hand, while with the other he pulled down the signal-rope to the engineer, unlocked and tore open the door just as the brakes were whistled down, and then whirled the poor wretch through and out upon the platform, and lifted him into the air and sent him flying with his foot.

"Put!" he cried, with his parting kick. "My train's no place for you! Put for the prairie, you coyote!"

## GREAT LIBERAL REPUBLICAN MEETING AT THE COOPER UNION.

NO more numerous or enthusiastic assemblage has been witnessed in this city since the war than that which thronged in and around the Cooper Union on the evening of April 12th, upon the call of the New York Republicans who favor the Cincinnati Convention. It was somewhat remarkable, too, from the fact that scarcely any general notice of the meeting had been given, the simple announcement having been made, only two days previously, that Senators Schurz and Trumbull would address the Republicans of New York at the time and place above mentioned.

At half-past seven o'clock the police refused to admit any more persons within the doorway. The corridors and stairways were then jammed to suffocation; the outlets to the main hall itself was a dense, excited, cheering mass of struggling humanity. To estimate the size of the crowd would be idle, but it is enough to say that there were thousands present, and almost as many more were turned away without gaining admission. The hall was utterly inadequate for the occasion, and it is evident that if the needs of the Reformers during the coming campaign are to be consulted, we must have another and far larger meeting-place in New York to contain them when they meet in council. The crowd was as respectable as it was large, and comprised many of our most prominent citizens. They were well-dressed and well-to-do, including merchants and professional men, mechanics and politicians, Democrats and Republicans, Germans and Americans, without regard to opinion or condition. It was an audience comprising the wealth, respectability, and intelligence of the city, and it was truly representative in character.

At a quarter before eight Mr. Ethan Allen stepped forward on the platform and inaugurated the proceedings by nominating Hon. Frederick A. Conkling as the President of the meeting, which nomination was ratified amid great applause.

After a long list of Vice-Presidents and Secretaries had been read and adopted, a list comprising many of the most prominent men in the Republican ranks, and formerly the most ardent supporters of Grant, Mr. Theodore G. Glaubenskie offered the following resolutions:

"A Declaration of Principles Held by the New York Republicans who Favor the Cincinnati Convention:

"We believe that the political action of individuals and conventions should be left free from the influence of political patronage; that business men should not, under the fear of unjust official interference with their affairs, be compelled to pay tribute for political purposes."

"We believe that public offices are, or should be, created for public convenience, and not as reward for partisan service, nor for personal aggrandizement; that the acts of officials should be confined within the strict letter of the laws creating such officials."

"We believe that the triumph of Republican principles is of paramount importance to the whole country, and that the success of those principles in the approaching national election does not depend upon any one individual."

"We believe that the prosperity of the whole country demands thorough, radical and immediate reform in all departments of public service, civil, military and naval; and that the 'one-term principle' for the Presidential office will conduce more to that end than any other measure."

The reading of the resolutions provoked applause at every sentence, and they were adopted with cheers.

Senator Trumbull was then introduced by Colonel Conkling, and after the prolonged cheering his appearance created, proceeded to speak with great energy and fire, and not only electrified but also instructed by his eloquence.

His assaults on the centralizing tendencies of the present Administration were hailed with indignant cheers, and he astonished his hearers by showing them the despotism which threatens the safety of the Republic. He upheld in unqualified language the true democratic doctrine of State rights, and while denouncing the rebels as traitors, he yet said they were never thieves. He warned his audience against the dangers of a centralized authority, which has already established in different States of the Union tribunals for the adjudication of property and lives of the people subject to its own control, and said that this power was in great danger of abuse.

Senator Carl Schurz next took the stand, and received a similar overwhelming ovation to that of Senator Trumbull. As the lion of the occasion and the leading light of the Reform movement, his speech was eagerly anticipated, and attracted many persons expressly to hear it. He spoke calmly and yet earnestly, using very full notes. His manner was not full of fire and fury signifying nothing, but clear, logical and convincing. His dispassionate arguments did not carry away the feelings of his audience, but they appealed to their reason and held their attention closely. His voice rang loud and clear through the vaulted hall and throughout the packed yet silent throng like the notes of a clarion. The audience seemed spellbound, and only at intervals recovered themselves sufficiently to applaud. This, however, they did repeatedly and with vigor, showing that the eloquence of the orator was fully appreciated. Each word was received with attention, and every strong point made against the Administration was fully appreciated.

After a few remarks by Horace Greeley, in which he declared himself as unalterably committed to the Cincinnati movement, the great assembly dispersed, leaving upon the mind of every person who attended it the impression of a grand success.

## THE HOMEOPATHIC FAIR.

UNDER the name of the Homeopathic Fair, a company of the leading ladies of New York inaugurated a superb entertainment at the Army of the Twenty-second Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., Fourteenth Street, on Saturday evening last. The object of the Fair is to raise a fund to construct a surgical hospital on Third Avenue.

The opening was certainly a brilliant affair. Governor Hoffman was invited to assist with an address, and the public was given to understand that the Fair would be replete with novelties, exhibited by scores of beautiful ladies.

For several days previous the work of preparation progressed with all the vexations common to such undertakings. Carpenters flew about the floor with boards, tools, chalk-lines and plans of special structures. Ladies, who afterward appeared in bewitching costumes, tucked up their dresses and gave orders for their stands in the blandest manner possible. Here and there a gentleman member of the Executive Committee gave or sought advice. Everybody talked at once on different subjects. There was a strange confusion of orders.

"See here, sir, I was told I could have this corner for my stand, and now it's taken."

"Well, madame, we'll have to give you another. Let's look here."

"Jake, kim over here with some of them jice; this biologist's den must be strong. Missus, when d'ye want them comets and moon and stars? Be you the wizard? Yes? Then I wish you'd tell me when we'll get this coop fin— Look out there, your head'll get poked. Wood be's flyin' pretty smart about here."

"George, George, something's wrong here. They said I could have ten by five, and this platform ain't big enough to turn round in. I can't stand it. Can't swing a cat here."

"Swinging cats? D'ye say you're going into that kind of gymnastics?"

"I say I won't have it. I will have more room. Don't you see that—oh, oh, there's a log on my toe. You're the most stupid, care-

less—bless my stars, if my skirt isn't torn half off me! Fanny, where's my parasol? And my shawl, too; I've laid that somewhere. Oh, my, will this work ever be done?"

"Out the way there, ladies; the pipe to the fonting's bust, and you'll get a ducking. John, hurry and turn it off—quick, quick; you'll have all the boards a-floatin'."

"Hev any of you women the plan for this shally? The fixin's that's been sent air too big, the rocks won't fit, and a hole's been knocked clean through the st.eak of lightnin'."

"There, I told Mrs. Jones her cottage was too large, but she wouldn't believe me; oh, no, she knew her own business!"

"Mr. Smith—Mr. John Smith, you're wanted in the picture-gallery. The 'Massacre' has just come, but we don't know where to place it, and Brown wants to know if the old lady throwing her needle goes between the Spanish Gamblers and Venus. Things are getting awfully mixed here."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Smith; we've left no place for the Quakers, and there's a host. Their big hats will take up a great deal of room."

"Gyp! Gyp! Lucy dear, that dog's got lost again. Say, carpenter, won't you please hunt him up? He's got a blue ribbon and bell round his neck. I'm so 'fraid he'll get hurt!"

"Do tell, Matilda! What smells so? It's perfectly horrible. Phew! I'm suffocating! Open the doors, quick—I shall faint!"

"That's nothin', mum. We've only tapped the gas-pipe; it'll be all over in an hour."

Hammer and saw, pound, file and shout; shave your neighbor's ears with a board, and fill your own hand with splinters; up with your toes, down with your head; take off your flesh, fly to the ceiling, or become an ethereal substance, if you would escape with a perfect anatomy. Fill your ears with cotton, your nose with reviving-salts, and your bosom with an abundance of patience and mercy, whilst each particular hair stands on end. What a lively appreciation of Babel we have here! How anxious all are to have their own work done first! How economical the ladies!—how spiritless the craftsmen! Will the Fair, in its glory, exceed this necessary, bewildering, aggravating prelude?

Few of those who pass about the different rooms can express a just sympathy for the noble-hearted ladies, for the public is rigidly excluded from an exhibition of the tedious preparation.

The Nilsson cottage, where seven elegant blonde dolls, dressed to represent the favorite singer of both hemispheres in her popular characters, were offered in raffle by the fair Swede herself; the Quaker's home; the mystical shrine of the gipsy fortune-teller; the magnificent temple of Flora; the carriage department, in which was seen one of the ex-Emperor Napoleon's pleasure vehicles; the wonderful House that Jack Built, with its liberal tenant; the picture-gallery, containing gems of art costing over \$250,000; the well-appointed café and the thousand and one attractive novelties, combined in a forcible appeal to the benevolent for assistance in behalf of the unfortunate.

The Fair so successfully inaugurated will remain open for several weeks, and every Wednesday and Saturday evening the guests will be treated to a grand promenade concert by the band of the Twenty-second Regiment.

## INFANT ASYLUMS, CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF ADVANCED MEDICAL SCIENCE.

AN interesting paper on infant asylums has recently been published, under the title of "An Inaugural Address," by A. Jacob, M.D., Professor of Diseases of Children in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York. This paper or address was read some time since at a meeting of the Medical Board of the Infant Hospital, Randall's Island, and was printed, but at the time withheld from the newspapers. This last step Dr. Jacob gracefully apologizes for, as a mistake, which he now endeavors to rectify by inviting the attention of the Press to the subject. The Press have responded to the invitation, and the matter of infant asylums has been of late discussed *ad initio* and *in extenso*. Dr. Jacob, who is an authority on all affairs appertaining to children, states that the main points of inquiry are, "Ought infants to be raised in public institutions or in private families? In the city or in the country? By wet-nursing or by artificial food? Thus the question is practically reduced to this: Is it desirable to collect infants in an institution, combined or not with a lying-in establishment, there to raise them? Is it preferable to farm them out to private parties? Is it preferable to take the intermediate road, and divide their numbers up in a number of country cottages?"

The answers to these questions, as given in the paper to which we refer, are as follows: Infants should be reared, whenever and wherever possible, in the country, at some distance from the city; natural food, breast milk, is always to be preferred to any artificial nutriment whatever; lying-in establishments should never be combined with a foundling hospital or infant institution of any kind, as a peculiar sympathy exists between a woman in childbirth and a young child, which renders the one susceptible to the diseases of the other; while, lastly, foundlings should be reared, infants should be raised, not collectively in large institutions, but separately in private families, for, to quote from the address:

"Places inhabited by many can never yield an atmosphere as fit for breathing as well-kept private residences, and young infants, in consequence of their delicate constitution, and their not producing vital warmth by physical exercise, are confined to the house and room during the greater part of the year and day. Besides, offensive admixtures to the atmosphere of rooms in which many children are liv-

ing cannot be avoided. Even the institutions in which adults are kept suffer from the same influences to such an extent that not unfrequently the very entrance into such a place is a guarantee of imminent disease, and portions of hospitals have sometimes to be closed. The air of infants' wards is, from a thousand material causes, contaminated to a great degree. From this source originate the numerous cases of poor sanguification, and of constitutional diseases, such as rickets, scrofula, etc., even typhoid fever and scurvy; from this source comes part of the really immense mortality of foundling hospitals. Whenever the attempt is made to correct this cause of disease and death, you will find that the attempt is punished at once. Ventilation is never complete except by opening windows, and if you open the window, in come the enemies of mucous membranes—intestinal catarrh, enterocolitis, bronchial catarrh, pneumonia, and death. These facts have been the causes of the universal changes in the rearing of the infants left on the hands of society in all Europe. At present, the former foundling institutions are nothing but dépôts for temporary admission and speedy distribution about the country."

In short, according to the address, the best method of conducting foundling hospitals is, not to have any foundling hospitals at all, but to scatter the children in homes of their own, from Maine to California.

## PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

Who is Mrs. Mason?

DRESDEN has an American club.

GAMBETTA is stumping for the Republic.

The Internationalists are very active in Spain.

DANIEL DREW is to give Methodism a second seminary.

The new Viceroy of Canada is the grandson of Sheridan.

SERASTOPOL has been declared a free port by Imperial decree.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS METTERNICH are about removing to Paris.

JOHN BRIGHT took his seat in the House of Commons April 11th.

The price of "flats" in Paris has considerably increased of late.

DR. F. A. BARNARD is the new President of the American Institute.

MINISTER SCHENCK has given another diplomatic dinner in London.

SEVERAL prominent Mormons are on their way to Europe on missions.

At the recent Mormon Conference, there were 12,000 men in the temple.

ZABALZA is announced at Madrid as Governor of Havana, to succeed Señor Moreno.

MISS PHOEBE COUZINS is a candidate for the office of Clerk of the City Council of St. Louis.

A TRIAL of the United States Grand Jury which found the Whisky Ring indictments is talked of.

THE Emperor and Empress of Brazil have reached home, after a long and enjoyable European trip.

PRESIDENT THIERS's weekly receptions are very informal and somewhat democratic entertainments.

SECRETARY ROBESON is savage on his accusers, who still wish to know more about those \$83,000.

THE Emperor William rides about Berlin in a very plain-looking carriage, without escort or guards.

A FAMILY of five persons have been murdered by gipsies at Le Barp, in the French Department of the Gironde.

THE Rev. Dr. Newman, of W. shington, is an applicant for the vacant Comptrollership of the Currency.

THE alligator season has opened in Florida, and the absorption of the pensive angler or confiding bather is matter of daily record.

DR. JAMES W. POWELL, formerly Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of the State of New York, died suddenly, April 12th.

AMONG the present notables at Paris is Prince Orloff, who is winning the women and astonishing the men with his expenditures and his horse-manship.

REAR ADMIRAL ROBERT COOTE has been commissioned to succeed Rear Admiral Arthur Farquhar in the command of the British fleet in the Pacific.

SEÑOR CASTELAR, the Spanish orator, is eloquent in his advocacy of the formation of the United States of Europe and the foundation of a universal republic.

A RUSSIAN Imperial ukase fixes the Black Sea fleet at only six corvettes or gunboats, the remainder to consist of Imperial yachts and sailing schooners.

REV. DR. MARK HOPKINS has resigned the presidency of Williams College, and has been succeeded by Professor Paul A. Chadbourne, a graduate of the year 1848.

LETTERS from various parts of Kentucky indicate a preference among the liberal Republicans for Charles Francis Adams for President and Grat Brown for Vice-President.

DESPITE a deal of opposition, ground has just been purchased by the leading members of the American colony in Rome for the erection of a Protestant American chapel.

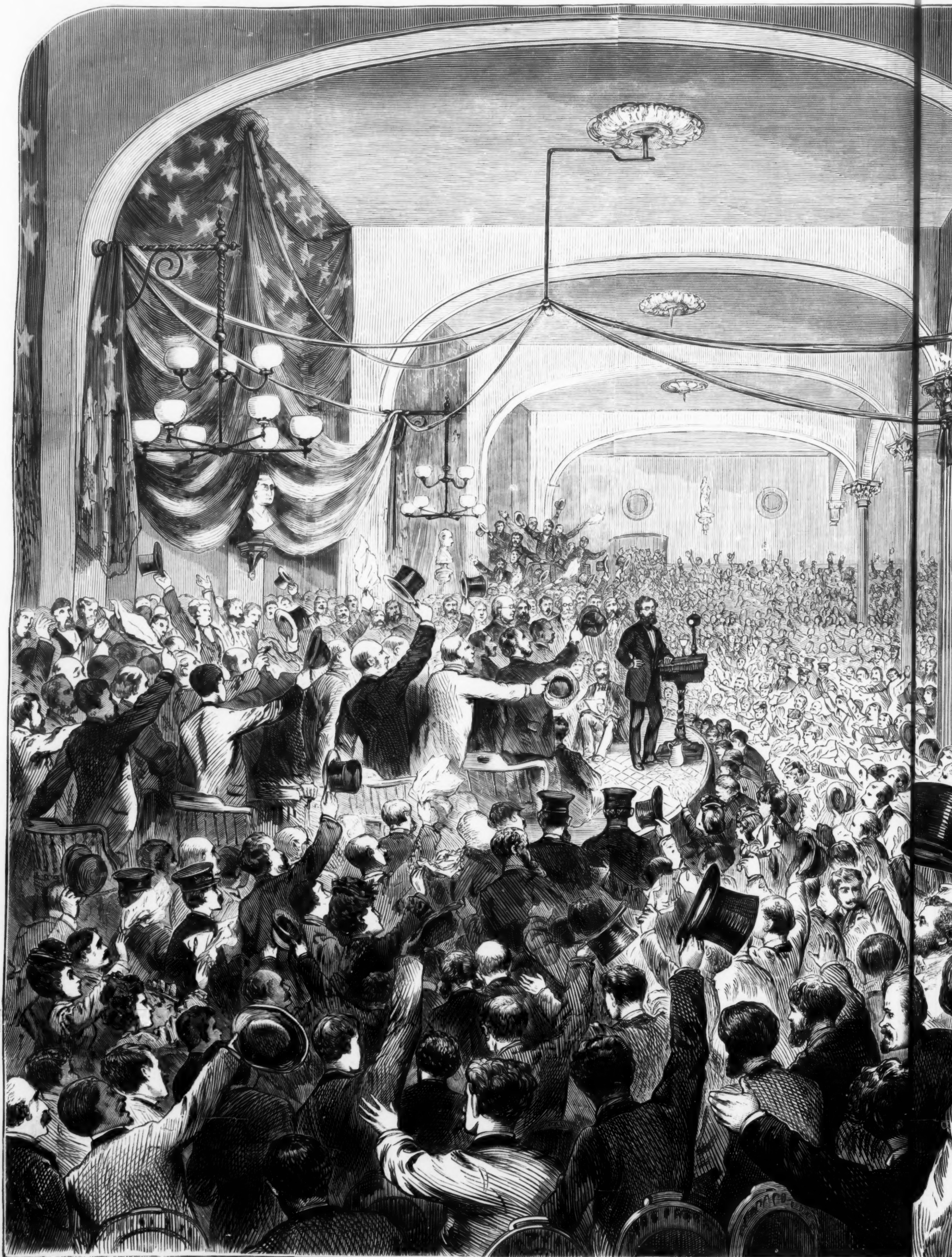
A COMMITTEE of 100 leading citizens has been formed in San Francisco, under the name of the "Committee of Safety," to guard to interests of that city against railroad monopoly.

THE annual convocation of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar is to be held at Reading, June 11th, and extensive preparations are being made there for a large gathering of knights.

WE read that the unfortunate ex-Empress of the French has been obliged to order a printed blank informing parties that apply to her for pecuniary relief that she is no longer able to afford it.

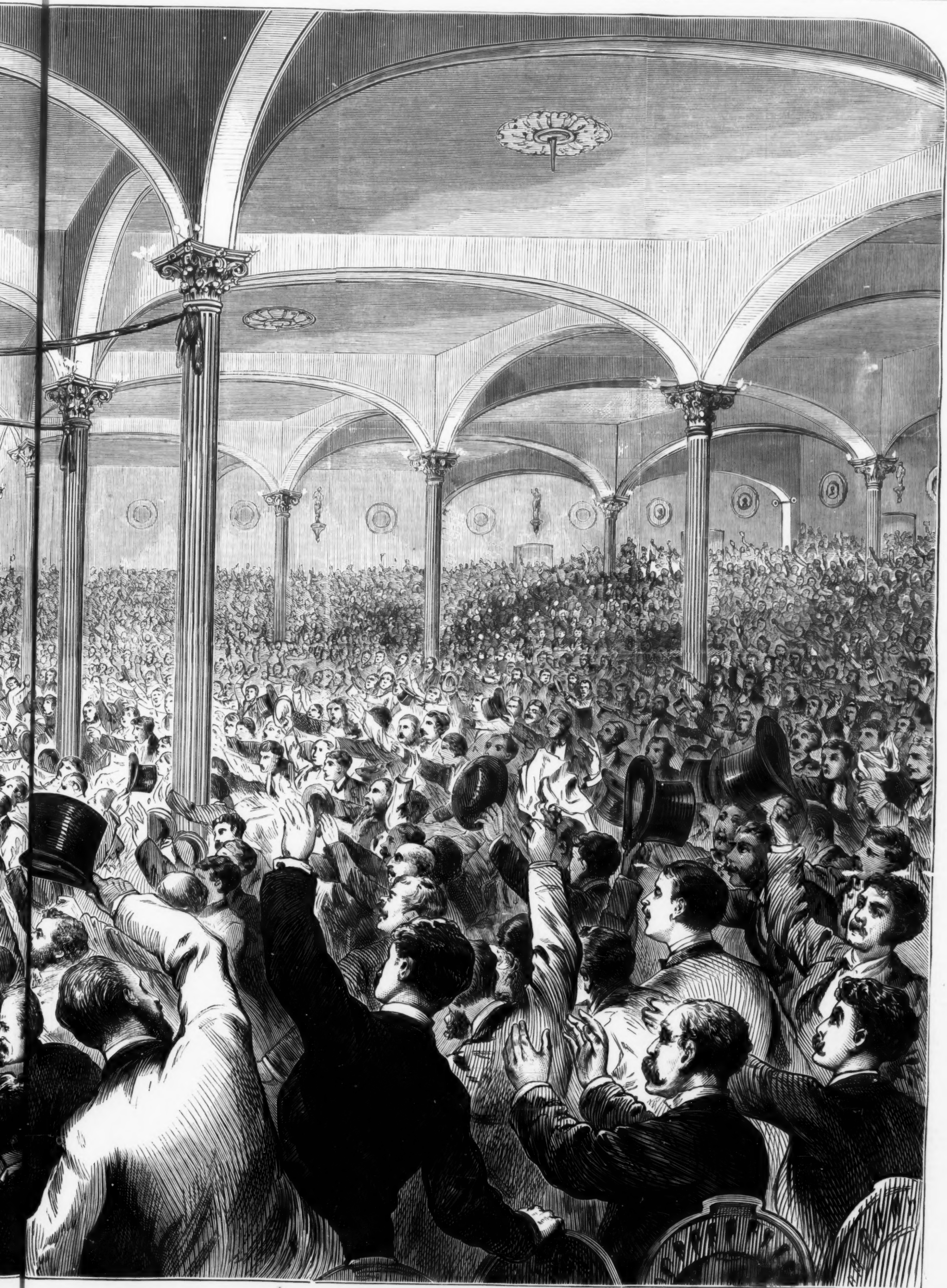
MAZZINI's body is undergoing a chemical process of petrification in the laboratory of Professor Morini, who guarantees to "preserve the sublime expression of the last moment" in his patient's lineaments for ages to come.





NEW YORK CITY.—THE GREAT MASS MEETING OF LIBERAL REPUBLICANS IN THE HALL OF THE COOPER UNION, ON EVE





ON EVENING OF APRIL 12th—THE SCENE AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF SENATOR CARL SCHURZ'S ORATION.—SEE PAGE 103.



## THE HERALD OF SUMMER.

I HEAR a gush of melody, I see a flush of green,  
So I know the Summer's coming with the  
glory of a queen;  
For Spring, her welcome herald, has proclaimed  
it far and wide,  
Since the Throne of Winter toppled, and the  
stern old despot died.

Spring has spread o'er moor and mountain a  
carpet for her feet,  
Silver daisies, golden king-cup, purple orchids,  
cowslip sweet;  
Bade the trees unfold a canopy of undulating  
shade,  
Where anemone and violet their woodland  
home have made.

Pale narcissus and faint daffodil whisper of  
her by the well,  
Where ferns bend o'er the primrose lest she  
the secret tell;  
But hyacinth and harebell ring the tidings  
boldly out,  
For the breeze to catch the echoes, and answer  
with a shout.

The busy brooklets, listening, have turned  
the theme to song,  
And sing it to the sedges as they gently glide  
along;  
The mountain-streams, no longer dumb, join  
in the joyous lay,  
And leaping o'er their rocky bounds, laugh  
out in sparkling spray.

Glad butterflies are fluttering like banners in  
the air,  
Rich flowers hold up their nectaries and offer  
incense rare,  
The tolling bee hums cheerily, the gnats dance  
in the sun,  
The very frogs croak gleefully o'er Springtide  
life begun.

No need the tardy cuckoo's note to gossip of  
the Spring,  
Whilst other warblers' tuneful throats have a  
prophetic ring;  
And orchards white with cherry-snow, through  
which blooms apple-blush,  
Bring dreams of Summer fruitage to the  
birdlings in the bush.

Spring is here! and Summer's coming, with  
a coronal of light!  
For the skylark, like a courtier, has winged  
his upward flight,  
The first to meet Queen Summer in her golden  
car of state,  
And salute her with his anthem close to her  
palace-gate.

## MY GUARDIAN'S SON.

BY  
FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

RICHARD PHELPS stood in utter silence.  
So many diverse emotions were written  
in his face, that I could comprehend  
nothing.

"You love another!" he exclaimed, in a  
changed, harsh voice. "You do love some  
one, Eleanor—answer me!"

He looked into my face with such a stern  
menace sweeping across the tenderness that  
had softened it a moment before, that I felt my  
own haughty spirit rise.

"You have no right to ask such a question,"  
I said; "your very tone is a threat."

He caught my hand and held it firmly.  
"Let me go!" I exclaimed; "how dare you  
treat, or even look at me like this? Let me  
go, I say."

"I will be answered," he cried out. "You  
love another—I see it in your face—you shall  
speak!"

I wrenched my hand from his hold with a  
passion equal to his own; I forgot the fears  
which had been in my heart; I had only a hot,  
bitter feeling of indignation, for all my life I  
had been treated with a sort of knightly cour-  
tesy by every man who approached me, and  
the haughty pride, thus fostered could ill brook  
his tone and manner.

"You forget yourself strangely," I said, and  
I could hear how stony and cold my voice  
sounded. "No man ever before dared to ad-  
dress Eleanor Vaughn in that way. Do not  
repeat it! I am alone in the world; I have  
neither brother nor friend to avenge an insult,  
but as you have said, I am a woman strong to  
feel and quick to decide. I warn you, never  
attempt such insolence again."

I turned, and as I did so I caught sight of  
my own face in the mirror, over the break-  
fast-room mantel. I was deathly pale, and my  
eyes were fairly black with the indignation and  
wounded pride which burned in my soul.

"Eleanor! Eleanor!" he cried, in a voice so  
totally changed that it made me pause; so full  
of entreaty and submission, that at another  
time it would have softened me; but I felt too  
outraged to show any relenting then.

I stopped and looked back at him; he was  
extending his hands and crying:

"Oh, forgive me! I was wild, mad! I did  
not think how my words sounded. How could  
you dream I meant an insult or a threat! See  
me here at your feet; no slave was ever so  
patient and submissive as I will be."

He sank on his knees as he spoke, snatching  
the hem of my dress and pressing it wildly to  
his lips.

The very intensity of his emotion revolted  
me; this was not love, at least not the pure  
affection which could have softened a woman  
like me. I could not even feel that he was in  
earnest. It seemed to me that it was all act-  
ing—a new effort to touch me, since other at-  
tempts had failed.

"Please to get up," I said.

"Not till you say that you forgive me! I  
will kill myself on this spot rather than allow  
you to go away with a hard, bitter feeling  
against me in your heart."

"I am not angry now," I said; "I beg your  
pardon for my vehemence. Only let the mat-  
ter end here, Mr. Phelps! Let us both forget  
this scene; remember only that I am your  
mother's ward and guest, and I will think of  
you as you have appeared, kind and friendly."

He rose to his feet, exclaiming:  
"I cannot forget! I cannot believe that  
you will deal me this cruel blow! Eleanor,  
darling Eleanor!"

"I cannot listen to this language—I will not!  
This matter must go no further; my answer is  
irrevocable."

He hurried on with wild words and protesta-  
tions, which only brought up afresh the feeling  
of irritation and anger. I could have respected  
a manly, dignified affection; I should have  
been full of sympathy and pity for it; but this  
mad outburst of passion deserved no such  
forbearance.

"You are very ungenerous," I said; "do  
not change my friendship into dislike—do not  
make me remind you again that you are taking  
an undue advantage of my position to force  
upon me these unwelcome words."

"Then you do hate me?" he cried out.  
"I have not said so—I do not mean that!  
Oh, Mr. Phelps, this is all so useless and so  
painful. I beg you to stop."

"If you will only give me the least hope."  
"How can I? Would you have me utter a  
falsehood? I do not love you—I never shall  
love you."

He clinched his hands hard together; in  
spite of all his efforts, I saw the fire of baffled  
rage shoot over his face.

"And I am to be sacrificed for some girlish  
dream!" he exclaimed; "some silly fancy of  
which you will bitterly repent ten years hence."

"Oh, this is too much," I cried. "I will en-  
dure this insolence no longer! The man who  
can address a woman in that way is a coward.  
I will bear no more!"

He struggled violently with himself; at  
length he brought back his calmness, drew his  
form up with the stately grace which usually  
characterized him, and said:

"I will trouble you no longer; I have given  
you a wrong impression of my character by this  
excitement. I can only ask you to overlook it  
if it is possible."

"I can—I will—only be like yourself."

He bowed, but the color did not come back  
to his face, and I saw the stern menace still in  
his eyes.

"It is peace, then, between us?" he asked,  
in a low, silky voice, that seemed to me to have  
a serpent's hiss under it.

"Peace, I hope," I replied.  
He stood aside to allow me to pass, but he  
added first:

"We will forget this morning, then, and let  
things go on as they were."

"I shall be only too glad. We have both  
been to blame—you are very impetuous and  
passionate, and I know that my haughtiness and  
hot temper are my great faults. Let us forgive  
each other."

He smiled—it might have been a sad, hope-  
less smile to an undisciplined girl, but I read  
the true expression under it, the evil passion  
which trembled there like a shadow.

He allowed me to go away. I ran up to my  
room and threw myself on the bed, completely  
worn out with the excitement I had undergone,  
added to all that I had been before enduring.

## CHAPTER IX.

IT was with a terrible dread at my heart that  
I left the house that afternoon to keep my  
appointment with Roland. I was so fearful of  
being observed and followed, that I took a long,  
circuitous way up the road and through the  
fields, not turning in the direction of the woods  
until long after I had lost sight of the house;  
but there was no sign of my departure having  
been watched or noticed.

Once in the woods, I flew along the winding  
paths like some hunted animal, but in my haste  
I missed the way, and was wandering aimlessly  
about, increasing my bewilderment by fears of  
Roland's distress at my not meeting him punctu-  
ally, when I heard his voice pronounce my name.

An instant more and I was clasped to his  
heart—his lips were raining down kisses upon  
my cheeks and forehead, and I forgot every-  
thing—annoyance, danger, and all the dark  
evils which surrounded us—in the joy of that  
reunion.

"You had lost your way," he said; "I was  
afraid you would, and so set out to meet you."  
"It was late when I left the house," I an-  
swered; "I could not come earlier."

I would not tell him what had detained me,  
nor mention my conversation with Richard  
Phelps—it could only make him indignant, and  
add to his pain by causing him to feel more  
bitterly his inability to protect me; besides, with  
annoyances or troubles that menaced myself  
alone, I was strong enough to struggle. Indeed  
I forgot them all in the joy of meeting him;  
our first interview had given me such a shock  
of surprise, and there had been so many pain-  
ful things to hear and say, that I had not half  
enjoyed the pleasure of looking once more in  
his face and listening to the sound of his dear  
voice.

Now we refused to talk or think of our  
troubles; we would not remember the dark  
cloud that hung about us; we talked neither of  
the future nor the past, just weaving for the  
time a golden vision in which our thoughts  
centred as they had done in the dream of  
those Summer weeks, and rested our tired  
hearts upon its glory.

All this may seem unnatural when you reflect  
upon the circumstances that surrounded us, the  
fearful peril in which Roland was placed; but it  
was perfectly in keeping with his character and  
mine. I have always considered that power of

concentrating my thoughts on the present and  
forcing myself to be happy in the sunshine of  
the hour one of the most fortunate gifts that  
could have been bestowed upon me—a most  
merciful blessing during that season.

The end came all too quickly; I dared not  
linger a late as I had done the day before.  
The tower-clock at Moorlands rang out through  
the stillness, striking the hour. Involuntarily I  
counted the beats aloud, with a superstitious  
thrill, as if it had been some mystical summons  
that I dared not disobey calling me back to the  
gloom and oppression of the old house.

"Four o'clock!" Roland said; "it does not  
seem ten minutes since you came."

"It is over two hours," I answered; "I  
must go back now. They might take a fancy to  
be uneasy about me, and send somebody out in  
search."

"And that woman is kind to you, Eleanor?"

"Neither kind or unkind; we don't interfere  
with each other. I don't think she likes me at  
heart, but as I am independent of her, and it is  
rather for her interest to be friends, she treats  
me with great courtesy."

"She would do that if she were preparing to  
murder you," he replied. "And that man—is  
he much at home?"

"Most of the time, since I have been there."  
"Yes; I understand. I knew what his  
plans would be from the time you were ex-  
pected."

"Really," I answered, with a playfulness that  
I was far from feeling, "whatever his plans  
may be, I don't think they can be of much con-  
sequence to us."

"But he does not annoy you? He has never  
dared to do that?"

"My dear Roland, I am not of the order of  
women whom anybody cares to annoy. I fancy  
Mr. Phelps has a wholesome awe of my bad  
temper."

"Your temper? Why, an angel's couldn't be  
sweeter!"

But I need not set down the rest of his sen-  
tence. The words were very sweet to hear,  
though I knew perfectly well how much beyond  
my deserts he rated me.

Once more our talk strayed far from the  
present and our actual surroundings—away  
into that beautiful world which is always fresh,  
always new, and shall be while youth, with its  
hopes and vigor, is left upon the earth.

Again the chimes of the distant tower-clock  
aroused me from the glowing dream Roland's  
magic words wove about my soul. The half-  
hour had struck. It was growing almost night,  
and I ought already to be at home.

"I must go now," I said; "it is not safe for  
me to stay any longer."

"How selfish of me to detain you so long—"  
"You are not to finish that, sir! Do you  
want to make me own that I would have staid  
even if you had urged me to go?"

"My Eleanor! My brave heart! Oh, my  
darling, I cannot be thankful enough that fate  
threw us together, yet it seems fairly wicked of  
me to have brought all these shadows into your  
life."

"It was not your work," I said; "neither you  
or I had anything to do with it. Dear Roland,  
we know that it was meant—that it must be  
right—so let us have patience and courage to  
wait."

"Ay, to wait," he repeated. "But for  
what? Heaven only knows; we are blind."

"Let us rest upon that thought; heaven  
does know, so we can feel safe," I replied,  
trying, in order to give him strength, to grasp  
firmly hold of the faith which I found it so dif-  
ficult to keep in my solitary hours.

"You are a blessed comforter, Eleanor."

"And you will think of this till we meet  
again?"

"Yes, dear, yes—I will try; indeed I will!  
But when can you come? I must see you to-  
morrow. I can stay in the neighborhood only  
a few days, and I must have you with me every  
moment that it is possible."

"I shall come to-morrow. But, oh! Roland,  
are you certain that it is safe for you to linger  
at all? If they should discover that you are  
near?"

"There is no danger just for the time I shall  
stay; don't add that dread to all your trouble."

"I won't; I'll not even think—"

"Only that I love you."

"And that at last heaven will hear our  
prayers, and clear up this terrible night."

He held me fast in his arms, whispering pre-  
cious words of tenderness and comfort. I  
longed to rest my head on his shoulder and  
weep like a tired child. I felt as if I should  
be more quiet after; but I knew that my tears  
would only add to his distress, so I checked  
and tried to smile in his face, and show, in my  
turn, the fortitude and trust that I urged upon  
him.

"I shall walk a little way with you," he said,  
when again I remembered that each moment I  
lingered he was running a new risk. "Just to  
the edge of the wood; we shall meet no one."

"Then you will go directly back to the  
house? you'll not even stand to look after me?"

"I promise."

"Then you shall go just to that great chest-  
nut tree in the hollow."

"No; as far as the brook," he pleaded.

We stood there for a few moments, holding  
that playful contention, trying thus to mask  
our pain. Then we walked slowly on, seeking,  
in spite of reason, to prolong those last mo-  
ments. We reached the tree—the brook;  
there, I drew my hand resolutely away from  
Roland. We had gained the confines of the  
wood, and now my fears for his safety gave me  
strength to send him from me.

"You must go back," I said; "not a step  
further."

He lingered still; I knew by the unutterable  
agony in my own heart how like death this  
parting was to him.

"For my sake," I whispered, feeling my  
voice so choked and broken that I dared not  
speak aloud.

That plea was enough; he turned to go.

There were a few hurried words on his lips—  
words whose tenderness will go with me into  
eternity—then, with my agony again crushing  
down upon my heart, I looked a farewell,  
which I could not speak, in Roland's pallid  
face, and hurried away through the gloom. I  
met Richard Phelps on the lawn; he greeted  
me as quietly as if the occurrence of the morn-  
ing had completely passed out of his mind.

"Another long ramble!" he said, playfully;  
"this begins to look very mysterious."

I knew that his words were spoken care-  
lessly, and without the slightest thought; but  
the sickening fear which came over me like a  
sudden faintness warned me what I should  
have to endure if my conduct aroused the  
slightest suspicion.

"Mystery for mystery," I said, trying to  
laugh; "mine will prove as innocent as the  
one you caused on the night of my arrival,  
when I took an owl's cry for some ghostly  
visitation."

He started, and I saw him grow pale. I was  
astounded at the effect my idle words had pro-  
duced upon him. It was only for an instant  
that his emotion lasted; he gave me one quick,  
searching glance, forced his lips into a smile,  
and replied:

"I ought not to have dispelled the illusion  
so quickly; you could have built up quite a  
Ratcliffe romance on that foundation."

I remembered the real tragedy which hung  
over that old mansion, and his laughing tone  
jarred upon me.

"You are shivering," he said; "pray come  
into the house. I fear you are imprudent to  
take such long walks."

"Oh, no; they give me new life; don't try  
to persuade me out of them."

"I fear it would be useless for me to attempt  
persuasion about anything where you are con-  
cerned," he answered, the mobile features  
troubled with a sudden melancholy.

It was well done, but I knew that it was only  
acting. It was not in Richard Phelps's power  
to deceive me, and I felt hot and angry to  
think he should suppose it possible for me to  
be touched by his histrionics. I controlled  
myself, however, and said, laughingly:

"I thought you knew enough of my sex to  
understand that persuasion is wasted; it only  
makes us more obstinate."

"Perhaps I had believed you somewhat dif-  
ferent from women in general," he said;  
"better, more reasonable."

"Neither one or the other," I interrupted,  
with the same assumed playfulness, and I felt  
a sort of triumph at my success. I was beating  
him with his own weapons.

"You are not a disinterested witness," he  
replied, with one of his slow, sad smiles;  
"your testimony can't be received. I shall still  
hold fast to my opinion."

"That is very good of you," I returned; "I  
won't try to disturb it."

It was weary work, this pretense of jest and  
carelessness, when my heart was so full of  
troubled thoughts. He saw me shiver again,  
and said, quickly:

"I am sure you have taken cold; pray  
come in."

"I never do anything so foolish, I assure  
you," I answered.

"Look at that long bank of amber-colored  
cloud in the west; isn't it lovely? But don't  
let me keep you out here, freezing, while I do  
rhapsodies over the scene."

My hint was palpable enough, but he paid  
no attention to it.

"I hate Winter and even the late Autumn,"  
he said; "when I make a world, it shall have  
one continual Summer."

"Then I'm glad I shall not be obliged to live  
in it. I like the changes our uncertain planet  
offers us."

"Is your love of change confined to the  
weather?"

"What a question to ask of a woman!"

"I suppose you would already be glad to  
leave our lonesome old house?"

"Now you are ill-natured, and want to  
delude me into a speech that will sound rude."

"I am sure nothing could be more natural  
than to hate the place. I always feel here as  
if I were in a nightmare."

"Don't talk about it," I said, quickly; "at  
least, it is a beautiful spot."

"And you have given up your fears of its  
being haunted?" he asked, with a harsh laugh.

"At least by ghosts," I replied, really vexed  
now.

He stood still and looked at me with an ex-  
pression of odd, almost startled inquiry.

"I don't understand—"

"Nor I," I interrupted again; "so I will go  
into the house. I believe I have admired  
nature enough for once, and I am half frozen."

"Let me get you a glass of wine?"

"No; I hate wine. I only want to get in  
out of this wind; it must have come straight  
from the North Pole."

"I should have warned you against it if I  
had known you were going out," he said.

"It did not occur to me to ring the great  
bell and inform the household of my intentions,"  
said I, laughing, to keep myself from giving  
way to ill-temper.

"I hope, Miss Vaughn, you will never feel  
under any such necessity for restraint in this  
house," said he, in a rather injured tone.

"Neither in this or any other, I assure you,"

I replied, still finding it difficult to keep my  
voice from sounding sharp and disagreeable.

"I have a weakness for taking my own way  
undisputed; I have followed the pleasant habit  
too long for me to give it up now."

"I can sympathize with the feeling," said he,  
"though I do give up mine so often, that I am  
astonished at myself."

"Is it possible?" I returned. "Well, I never  
should have fancied it if you had not told me  
so yourself."

"Perhaps you don't always do me justice,"  
said he.

"I am too cold just now to do anybody  
justice, Mr. Phelps," said I, passing up the steps.



He walked on beside me, and added: "I really do, though. For instance, I stay here now simply to please my mother."

"Indeed, I think it rather hard of her to keep you in this dull place," I answered. "But you always appear very kind and considerate to her, I must say. There—admit that I do you justice in one instance."

"And I thank you for it," he said, gravely. We went into the house, and I was glad to sit down close to the library-fire. I was shivering indeed; but it was with an inward chill which had been roused by my sudden meeting with him, and all the dreadful images which our careless words had conjured up.

We had a guest at dinner, one of the tire-some individuals who occasionally brought such tedium into the monotony of our lives; but I was not sorry for any cause which prevented my being obliged to talk with Richard Phelps.

I looked at his mother, and tried to read in her face any sign which should give evidence of her having been made acquainted with the conversation I had held with her son that morning. The handsome countenance was cold and impassible as ever, her manners just as stately and courteous; still, my imagination was so fully roused, and my suspicions so much on the alert, that once or twice when I looked up quickly, it seemed to me her haughty eyes, instead of being darkened by the sort of dread that often disturbed them, were fixed upon my face with an expression which I was puzzled to decipher.

After I went up to my room, I found it impossible to rest. I dismissed Teresa, took off my dress, threw on a loose dressing-gown, and sat down by my fire to think—think such dreary, vapid thoughts as are hard for the young to bear.

Youth wears out very quickly in such vigils if they are forced often upon the soul, and the varied experiences of the past months had taken me far beyond my girlhood for ever.

I heard the great clock in the lower hall strike an hour after midnight, and roused myself to the fact that my fire had almost died out, and that this constant state of excitement, carried even into my lonely hours, would quite wear out the strength and power of endurance which I so much needed.

I had risen with the determination of going at once to rest, and forcing myself to cease that whirling round of reflection. The gas was turned down, and the room was dim and shadowy, though the cheerful appointments and the bright hues of the furniture flashing up in the uncertain light prevented any appearance of gloominess which would have been oppressive at that lonely time of night.

I said I had risen. I was standing by the mantel; I had put out my hand toward the fixtures to turn up the gas. I was perfectly quiet and composed, without one of the nervous fancies which had at times troubled me for weeks past.

Suddenly a sound swept through the stillness, and froze the blood in my veins with a horror more deep than the sudden upstarting of the most terrible object could have done.

It was the same unearthly cry I had heard on the night of my arrival, only fainter and less prolonged. It ceased as suddenly as it had commenced; everything was still again. For a few instants I stood completely paralyzed by the actual terror of the shock; then I roused myself.

I had no definite idea in my mind—I was too much bewildered and horrified for that; but I could not remain another moment in that solitary room—I must rush out, whether in search of companionship or to find some clue to that appalling mystery, I could not have told.

I ran into the hall—there was no living object in sight. I paused and tried to collect myself; it had been only my fancy; I would go back to my room, and not make a second exhibition of my womanish weakness.

Again that sound broke through the stillness and the distance, low and fearfully clear. I cannot describe it to you—it was not like a cry. I could not tell from what direction it came. It was like some supernatural force piercing the bonds of actual existence and making its anguish audible to human ears.

I ran wildly toward Mrs. Phelps's dressing-room, and flung open the door without stopping to knock, calling:

"I must come in! I must come in!"

The chamber was empty; the chandelier burned dimly; but there was no person visible. The door of the bedroom was partially ajar, and I was going toward it, calling again:

"Mrs. Phelps! Mrs. Phelps!"

I heard a step in the hall—a woman's step. While I stood, uncertain whether to enter the bedroom or rush out to see who was near, there was a sound in the chamber—it seemed to me like the opening of a door. At the same instant Mrs. Phelps called from the chamber:

"Miss Vaughn—Eleanor—is that you?"

She came out of the room in her loose dressing-gown, and stood looking at me in cold surprise.

"Are you ill?" she asked. "What is the matter?"

"That noise," I gasped; "it frightened me so."

"What noise? I have heard none."

"Did you not just pass through the hall to your bedroom?" I asked, my courage coming back, and feeling a sudden thrill of suspicion that her coldness and apparent surprise were assumed, to deceive me.

"Certainly not," she answered. "I was sitting by the fire in my room, and I must have fallen asleep, for the first thing I remember was hearing your voice call me. I thought I was dreaming."

"Excuse me for having disturbed you," I said, trying to quiet myself, and feeling extremely irritated by her manner. "I heard the same dreadful cry that woke me the first night I was here."

"You must have dreamed it," she replied; "there are no owls in the garret now to alarm sensitive nerves."

There was a quiet irony in her voice, which made me answer firmly:

"I had not been asleep, so I could not have dreamed it. After I got into the hall I heard that cry again; then I ran in here."

"I am sorry you should have been frightened," she said, in her most courteous and freezing way; "I cannot imagine what it was! The wind, perhaps. When it blows hard it makes all sorts of strange noises in this old house."

"It was not the wind," I returned; "it was like a distant shriek. Oh, it was terrible!"

"I cannot account for it, my dear young lady; you surely don't suppose I keep any contrivance for frightening my guests."

"My behavior evidently seems very silly to you," I said, "but I think any person would have been as much alarmed as I was."

"Indeed I have no doubt of that. I was not thinking you silly, Eleanor; I was only trying to find some natural reason for the noise. I still think you must have been dreaming."

I could not insist further; it would have seemed absolutely rude, in the face of her extreme politeness.

"Pray spend the rest of the night here," she said, "if you feel at all timid."

"Thank you. My nerves are pretty strong; I will go back."

"I think when daylight comes you will be able to believe it only a dream," she said.

I would not allow her to suppose that I was to be treated absolutely like a child, and I repeated:

"I tell you I was not dreaming, Mrs. Phelps. I heard the cry as plainly as I hear your voice now."

"One of the servants in a nightmare, perhaps."

"There are none of them who sleep in this part of the house," I persisted.

She made an impatient movement, but tried to laugh and speak pleasantly.

"At all events, we are not likely to arrive at the real cause to-night, if there was a noise. I am afraid you will get cold, Miss Vaughn."

"I will not trouble you further," I replied.

"Good-night, Mrs. Phelps."

"I will go to your room with you," she said.

"There is no necessity; I am not afraid."

But she followed me toward the door, still expressing her regret that I had been alarmed, and keeping up that hollow show of belief that it had been caused only by my own fancy.

In the hall we met Richard Phelps hurrying along, with his dressing-gown on. He started back at the sight of me—I could have sworn that he did—but his mother said quickly:

"I suppose you heard Miss Vaughn calling me?"

"I heard a noise in your room," he said, "and came out, fearing you were ill."

"No, Miss Vaughn was frightened. She fancies she heard a cry like that your owls made."

"But there are none in the house now."

"So I told her. She is quite vexed with me for thinking she must have dreamed it."

"I can't imagine what could have caused it," he said. "I am very, very sorry, Miss Eleanor."

"It is all my folly, no doubt. I am shocked at having disturbed you," I replied; but I know my tone expressed the dissatisfaction and unbelief which I felt.

I looked at Richard. His left hand was wrapped in a handkerchief, and there were blood-stains visible on the linen.

"What ails your hand?" I called out.

"A mere trifle," he said; "I sprang up in haste, and while hunting for matches I cut my fingers against a broken bottle."

"It might prove serious," said Mrs. Phelps; "go into my room. I will look at it as soon as I have seen Miss Vaughn safe in her chamber."

"Oh, it is nothing! Really, Miss Eleanor, I don't know how to apologize for your being disturbed."

"It is I who should apologize," I answered, dryly. "Another time I will bear my fright with more dignity, or try to find out for myself if there be an actual cause."

They did not glance at each other, but I was watching them both. I felt confident that their mutual impulse had been to look in each other's faces with distrust at my words.

"I can but think my mother was right," he said.

"Of course it was either fancy or the wind," added Mrs. Phelps, decidedly.

I made no answer whatever.

"I will bid you good-night," I said, and without another word I walked to my chamber and closed the door. I heard them both go into Mrs. Phelps's dressing-room, and it was a full half-hour before Richard's step sounded in the hall.

I replenished my fire and sat before it until almost daylight; my irritation had removed the agonizing fear which had racked me at first, and there I sat thinking, wondering, trying to find some clue to this mystery, for no effort on their parts could remove from my mind the impression settled there.

(To be continued.)

## THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT RACE.

### THE ATALANTA CREW.

ON Monday, June 10th, the great aquatic event of 1872 will be decided, and the four plucky American oarsmen who are now on their way to England will "do their level best" to uphold the honor of their country, and wrest from the "crack" four of the London Rowing Club the proud title of "Amateur Champions of the World."

The men chosen by the Atalanta Club are in every way fitted to perform the work which they have set out to accomplish, and it would

be a difficult matter to pick a more likely crew from among the boat clubs of this city. It has been said, by some who profess "to know all about it," that these four Americans will not make even a good race with their opponents; but that this statement is incorrect we can assert from personal knowledge of both crews, and predict that not only will the Atalantas hold their own with the London men, but they will stand a good chance of winning the race.

It is a plucky thing for an amateur crew to cross the Atlantic and row in strange water against four men who have the reputation of the Londoners; but, with true national courage, the Atalantas have faced the difficulties of their position, and left home with the full determination of doing their utmost to win the race.

Since their challenge was accepted by the London Rowing Club, the Atalantas have made a change in their crew, substituting Mr. A. Handy for Mr. J. O'Neill. We do not think this a cause of regret, for, although the latter gentleman is an excellent oarsman, Mr. Handy is nearly as good, and what he lacks in weight, makes up in pluck and endurance.

The names and weights of the Atalantas are as follows:

	Lbs.
Dr. Russell Withers, stroke	150
Theodore Van Raden, 2	150
Alexander Handy, 3	138
Edward Smith, bow	149
Leander Waterbury (spare man)	150

DR. RUSSELL WITHERS, known among aquatic men as "Doc," Withers, is thirty-five years of age, and by profession a physician. He is one of the original members of the Atalanta Club, and a thorough enthusiast in rowing matters. For fifteen years the "Doc" has made it the pleasure of his life to forward the interests of American oarsmen generally, and it is to his knowledge and untiring energy that the crew have arrived at their present state of excellence. He is a splendid specimen of a man, and in physique has no superior among the London four.

THEODORE VAN RADEN is twenty-nine years of age, and a salesman in a down-town commission house. He is a well-known oarsman, and first made his reputation as a member of the Columbia Boat Club. Strongly built, good-looking, and with undoubted powers of endurance, he is well worthy to fill the seat of number two in the Atalantas' four.

ALEXANDER HANDY is twenty-seven years of age, and the smallest man in the crew. He is by profession a bookkeeper, and holds an appointment in the Ninth National Bank of New York. This gentleman was one of the crew who pulled against the Harvard and Yale boys last year. He is an excellent oarsman, and has made a great reputation as an amateur sculler.

EDWARD SMITH is twenty-four years of age, and, although the youngest of the crew, one of the most reliable men in it. He is a clerk in the Washington Ice Company, and has been pulling on the Hudson for seven years. As "bow," he steers the boat, and "may he steer our boys to victory!" He has with him a single-scutt boat, in which he intends to try his strength with our cousins at the Henley Regatta.

LEANDER WATERBURY, the spare man, is thirty years of age, and by profession a United States weigher and gauger. He has pulled in the Atalanta crew for nearly six years, and is a first-rate oarsman. We hope, however, that his services will not be required.

The rowing costume of the American four will be white pants, red shirts, without sleeves, and magenta kerchiefs. A uniform at once distinctive and striking.

The Atalantas' shell is being made by the well-known boat-builder Roahr, who will send it over the latter part of this month. It is of pine, and will measure 41 feet 6 inches in length, 17½ inches in width amidships, 5 inches high at the bow and 4 in the stern. It will weigh about 100 pounds, and is quite equal, in point of lightness and finish, to any English boat of the same description.

The names and weights of the London Rowing Club four are as follows:

	Lbs.
George Ryan, bow	156
H. Gulston, 2	158
Albert De Laude Long, 3	156
William Stout, stroke	160

Names of spare men not yet known on this side.

GEORGE RYAN is thirty-three years of age, and is a merchant, doing business in the city of London. Ryan has been rowing from childhood, and as far back as 1862 won the junior sculls at Walton-on-Thames, since which time he has scored over a hundred victories. He is splendidly formed, and a very good-looking man. This is the last season he will row in the club races, and had it not been for the anxiety of the committee to have him in this four, he would have retired from active service last year.

H. GULSTON is about thirty years of age, and a finely-developed man, but not so well put together as Ryan or Stout. He has very long arms and great strength of loin and legs. His face, while rowing, is a perfect study of dogged determination, and he is a very ugly antagonist with the sculls. It will be a close contest if he enters against Ed Smith in a single scull race. Gulston will steer in the race of the 10th of June, although, according to American ideas, the bow, George Ryan, should do this; however, this point is in favor of the Atalantas, as Gulston will have to look over Ryan's shoulder.

ALBERT DE LAUDE LONG is about thirty-two years of age, tall, good-looking, well formed, and a most formidable oarsman. There is not a particle of fat about him, and he has a wiry look, strongly indicative of power and endurance. He is engaged in the iron trade somewhere in the north of England.

WILLIAM STOUT is also about thirty years of age, and is a splendid fellow. He was for many

years in China, but even that climate did not injure his excellent constitution. Stout rowed in the Paris races in 1867, and created quite a sensation in French aquatic circles. He is a robust, healthy-looking man, and seems equal to anything.

The "style" of this renowned four is perfect, and so well do they work together, that it would seem impossible for them to row badly.

Their racing costume will be white pants, white half-sleeved singlets, and blue and white striped caps.

The race will be on the Thames, on the usual four and a quarter mile course between Putney and Mortlake. In every sense of the word the members of both crews are gentlemen amateurs, and while our heartiest wishes are with our own boys, we know that they will have fair play and a tough struggle; so, "may the best men win."

## NEWS BREVITIES.

VESUVIUS is at it again.

CALIFORNIA has ripe strawberries.

CANOE sports are to be the style.

THE Japs take pepper in their ale.

THE French passport system is abolished.

HON. J. L. MOTLEY has been made an LL.D.

EXPLOSIONS of politics and steam are in order.

WOMEN are now admitted to 50 American colleges.

"JUBILEE NOTES" is a standing head in Boston papers.

BOSTON had a female M.D. 220 years ago. So she says.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales left Rome April 8th.

JUDGE NELSON will resume his seat upon the Supreme Bench.

A GERMAN jury has declared internationalism to be high treason.

THE Metairie races, at New Orleans, were unusually interesting.

FLORIDA now has two State Governments in successful operation.

RENEWED interest is manifested in yachting and rowing this Spring.

THE annual regatta of the Atlantic Yacht Club takes place June 18th.

SINCE her visit to Berlin, it is reported that Victoria thinks of abdicating.

THE cotton factories of Columbus, Ga., are more active than since the war.

THE Michigan Legislature adjourned the other day to visit a traveling menagerie.

A NATIONAL EXHIBITION of photographic art is to be held at St. Louis, Mo., in May.

THE Colored National Republican Convention assembled in New Orleans April 10th.

CONGRESS has refused a pension of \$2,000 per year to the widow of Admiral Farragut.

THE Emperor William has decreed the abolition of decapitation throughout Germany.

DUBUQUE merchants induce their customers to come again by giving them street-car tickets.

AMONG the recent patents issued at Washington was one for an improvement in chignons.

NEWARK, N. J., the Birmingham of America, is to have an exposition of local manufactures.

THE Committee on Foreign Affairs want the President to demand the release of Dr. Howard from Spain.

THE Indians and half-breeds are making large quantities of maple sugar in the vicinity of Duluth, Minn.

THE last California earthquake had the effect of suddenly curing several lame beggars in San Francisco.

THE Spring Exhibition of the National Academy of Design opened on the 11th, and is of a superior character.

ADVICES from the Southern States show that planters will prepare to plant more cotton this year than ever before.

THIRTY-THREE women were last year flogged in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, according to the report of the Minister of Justice.

THE Prussian criminal code has been translated into Russian, and will probably be adopted as the criminal law of Russia.

SEVENTEEN of the 25 law students of the University of Louisiana who applied for the degree of Bachelor of Law were rejected.

It is computed that over \$1,500 have been paid in the last thirty years for the printing in the Congressional Globe of the single word "laughter."

THE National Academy of Design has resolved to open an exhibition of that institute on Sundays to the people, from 12 M. to 6 P.M., at a reduction of the entrance fee to 15 cents.

MASSACHUSETTS proposes to place a premium on drunkenness by exempting those who lift their little finger against a glass, save in the way of cold water or lemonade, from jury duty.

THE British Secretary of Legation at Athens, Greece, appeals for aid for Miss Black, the lady who, in her youth, inspired the lines addressed by Lord Byron to "The Maid of Athens."

A SIMPLE mode of avoiding the spread of smallpox has been discovered in Alabama. They let the patient die safely by himself, hire a negro to bury him, and shoot the negro as soon as the interment is finished.

FORTY-SEVEN THOUSAND women of Alsace and Lorraine have addressed a petition to Prince Bismarck, in which they ask that their fathers and sons may be exempted from service in the German army for a few years.

A CLEVELAND editor claims to have made a wonderful invention in the shape of a ferocious sheet-iron cat, which works by machinery. It is armed with terrible claws, and utters all the alluring and pathetic cries with which the feline race is gifted. Placed on the roof on a balmy night and set in operation, it calls about it all the prowling cats for miles around, and one by one they attack the glaring sheet-iron monster, and are instantly torn in pieces. In the morning the roof and all the surrounding domain are covered with tufts of fur, with dislocated claws and tangled fiddle-strings.





1. Preparing Tables and Decorations.

2. The Flower-Stand.

3. The Picture Gallery.

4. The Tea Pagoda.

5. The Nilsson Cottage.

SCENES AT THE LADIES' FAIR, IN THE TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT ARMORY (FOURTEENTH STREET), IN AID OF THE PROPOSED HOMEOPATHIC HOSPITAL. - SEE PAGE 103.





Edward Smith.



Leander Waterbury.



Dr. Russell Wilbert.

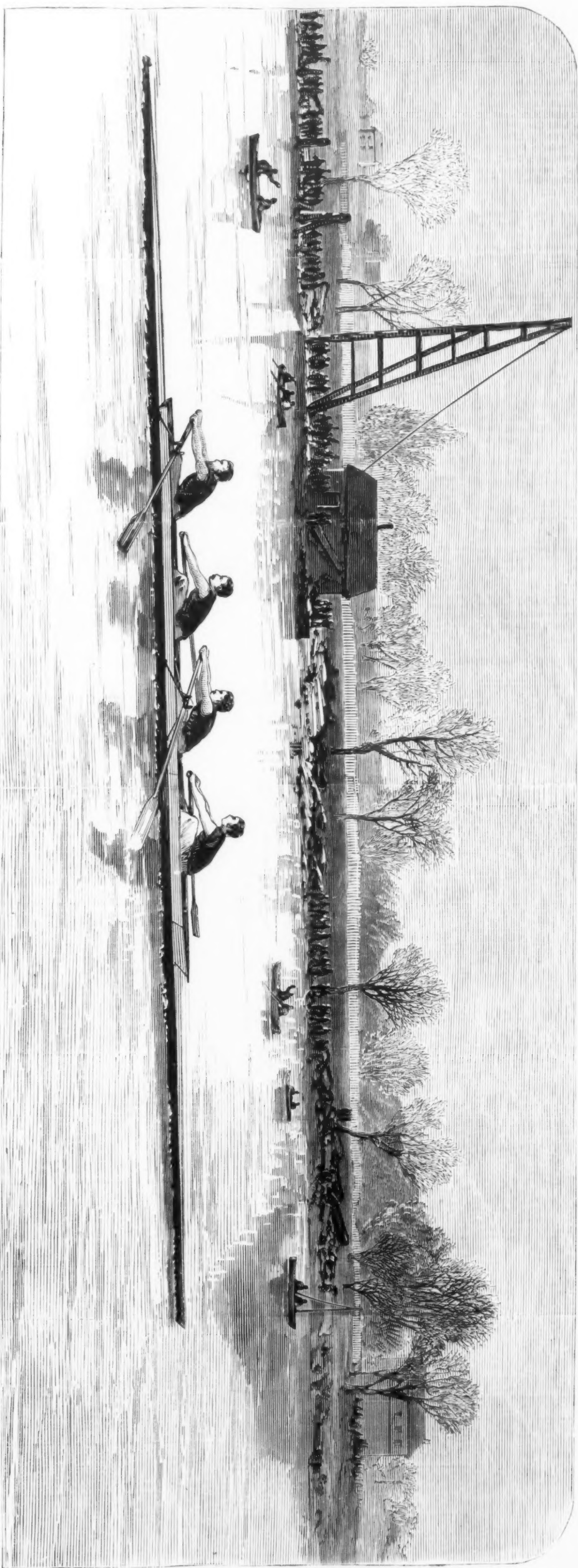


Alexander Handy.



Theodore Van Raden.

THE AMERICAN AMATEUR CHAMPIONS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY O'NEIL.



THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE.—THE CREW OF THE "ATLANTIA" PRACTICING ON THE PASSAIC RIVER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. O'NEIL.—SEE PAGE 107.



## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WORM-WOOD—Coffin-wood.

THE Daily Noose—Marriage.

A PACKING CASE—An ejection.

A BUCK-CAN-HEAR—So can most animals.

THE compositor's grievance—Out of sorts.

A STARE-CASE—Very often the case, when one meets a pretty girl on it.

THE counsel in the Tichborne case can hardly be said to have had a "brief" career of it.

THEY say the Tichborne claimant was in-kneed at a time when he had thousands at his bankers'.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL superintendent, reviewing the lesson and talking of the verse reading, "Let your loins be girded and your lights burning," asked the question, "Why are we commanded to gird our loins?" One little sharp shaver sung out, "To keep our breeches up!"

People should not borrow newspapers; a Schenectady man, who had smallpox in his family, maliciously lent his paper to a friend, and now, of his extensive and interesting family, a doting father, a fond wife, several intelligent and heroic sons, thirteen lovely daughters, two popular mothers-in-law, and three beautiful aunts, not one remains to tell the tale.

An enthusiastic ritualist, wishing to make a gift to his mother at Easter, ordered a beautiful embroidered vestment to be made. He gave directions that the garment should be sent by express and marked C.O.D., and so it was, in the most elegant style of fancy needlework upon the back, where it could plainly be seen of men and women.

HERE she is again. Mrs. Gloverson, of East Cleveland, over ninety years old, walking three miles one of the coldest days of the last month, borrowed a cast-iron kettle weighing 123 pounds and 7 ounces, packed it home and made half a barrel of soft-soap before supper-time, and would have taken the kettle home that night if she had not been compelled to knit a pair of stockings for her son, who was going away next morning. She has taken snuff and smoked the usual number of years.

MEM. FOR BERGH. An instrument, elegantly christened the Deadly Bug Buster, has been invented in Cleveland. It is worked by an air-pump, and its operation is thus described: All the apertures in the room are stopped but one, at which the Deadly Bug Buster is placed. By exhausting the receiver, a current of air is produced strong enough to draw all the vermin out of the room, through the air pump, into the hopper, where they are put under the influence of chloroform and stabbed in the back with a pitchfork.

## THE WINTER OF 1871-2 IN THE NORTHWEST.

The following table gives the average temperature during the past Winter (1871-2), at the points named. Except in two instances, the figures are furnished by the United States Signal Office at Washington, and represent three daily quotations of the thermometer at each place—morning, noon and evening:

	Dec. '71.	Jan. '72.	Feb. '72.	Mar. '72.	Mean.
Louisville, Ky. ....	35°	33°	33°	35°	34°
St. Louis, Mo. ....	31	28	32	36	31½
Chicago. ....	23	27	26	29	26
Baltimore. ....	30	35	36	33	33½
Philadelphia. ....	30	29	32	29	30
Washington. ....	33	33	34	33	33
New York. ....	30	30	30	29	29½
Helena, Montana. 18	26	35	42	30	
Kalama, W. T. ....	31	32	44	36	

The temperature at Helena, Montana, may properly be taken as a fair average for the Territory, and hence for the mountain section of the Northern Pacific Railroad, where climatic difficulties should be encountered, if anywhere. Helena is on the general route of the road, directly in the mountains, and but a few hundred feet below the highest point on the line. Notwithstanding the past Winter has been the coldest ever known in Montana, and a surprise to the people, it will be observed:

1. That the average temperature at Helena (latitude 46½ degrees) for the four months was the same as that of Philadelphia, although the latter city is 4,200 feet lower, and 450 miles further south.

2. It was four degrees warmer at Helena than at Chicago, and only three degrees colder than at Washington.

3. During February and March it was much warmer at Helena than at Philadelphia, Louisville, St. Louis or Washington. During March it was 9 degrees warmer at Helena than at Washington and Baltimore.

4. The average Winter temperature at Kalama, Washington Territory, on the finished portion of the Northern Pacific Road (in latitude 46 degrees), was several degrees warmer than at Louisville, Washington or Baltimore, in latitude 39 degrees. The greatest cold of the past Winter at Kalama was 14 degrees above zero.

Letters from members of the Montana Territorial Government, dated March 6th, state that for three weeks previous to that time (beginning about the middle of February) the weather had been so mild that all signs of Winter had disappeared; farmers had put in nearly all their Spring grain crops, and new grass was three inches high in the valleys. The significance of this can be appreciated when it is remembered that in the Atlantic States, as late as March 6th, intensely cold weather and heavy snows prevailed; trains were blockaded on many Eastern roads, and up to the 2d of April frost had not left the ground in Pennsylvania, and the grass had not shown the slightest tinge of green.

These simple facts, mainly derived from official sources, and easily verified, are the strongest possible corroboration of the statements hitherto made by the promoters of the Northern Pacific Railroad as to the climatic advantages of the valley route across the Continent.—Philadelphia Inquirer, April 6.

## FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. J. P. MILLARD, New Hamburg, N. Y., has used her Wheeler &amp; Wilson Lock Stitch Machine since June, 1862, doing the family sewing for six persons and making the bedding for a steamer, without a cent for repairs. It now works as well as when first used. See the new improvements and Wood's Lock-Stitch Ripper.

E. &amp; H. T. Anthony &amp; Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromes and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Albums and Celebrities, Photo-Lantern Slides, and Photographic Materials.

THE new Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., is only one block from the UNITED STATES MINT.

**A Wise Man, Timely Warned of Danger,** will use every means in his power to avert it; only the ignorant, obstinate and foolish will neglect taking necessary precaution. Nations have been decimated by smallpox, but science by the discovery of vaccination, has neutralized the virus of this once-dreaded scourge. Thousands of our ancestors have been poisoned from drinking water, beer and soda drawn through leaden pipes, and from this cause numbers suffer acutely to this day, not realizing the cause of their malady. Eminent physicians from time to time have denounced lead pipes as a prolific cause of disease and death. Shall we not heed their warning? We do trust them implicitly to cure us of disease. Why not also submit to their guidance for prevention? American genius has perfected a TIN LINED LEAD PIPE, through which water flows as pure as if drawn through silver. Let us adopt this important hygienic improvement by introducing it into every dwelling. Sold by the COLWELLS, SHAW & WILLARD M'FG Co., 213 Centre Street, New York. Price 15 cents a pound for all sizes. Circular and sample of pipe sent by mail, free. Also manufacturers of Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, Block Tin Pipe, Solder, etc. Orders filled at sight.

**A DICTIONARY OF EVERY-DAY WANTS,** by A. E. Youman, M.D. This is, without exception, one of the most useful books that has lately been issued from the Press. The information that is crowded into these 539 double-column pages is of the most practical nature, and makes the book, to all who desire to keep up with the times, an every-day necessity as a work of reference in almost every department of human economy. Frank M. Reed, publisher, N. Y.

**B. ALTMAN & Co.'s GRAND SPRING OPENING.**—The regular Spring opening of B. Altman & Co., 331 and 333 Sixth Avenue, is announced to take place on Wednesday, April 17th; and, having been informed that the preparations made for the occasion are on a scale of attractiveness exceeding all former seasons' exhibitions, we advise our readers to favor them with a call of inspection, and can guarantee both gratification and profit.

**Dead or Dying.**—Where the hair is unnaturally dry, you may be sure that it is dying; and, unless artificially vitalized, it will soon be as dead as leaves in November. Feed the withering fibers and stimulate the torpid scalp with LYON'S KATHARON, and the evil, which must otherwise soon culminate in baldness, will be speedily remedied.

**E. F. HOVEY,** the chromo publisher of Philadelphia, has just issued an attractive series of miniature caricatures, by Palmieri, relating to the *Atabama* claims.

**Barbers—Honest and intelligent ones recommend Burnett's Coccoaine.**

## NOTICE!

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WILL  
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REGULAR  
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Wednesday, April 17th,

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LATEST NOVELTIES

OF

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CUSTOMERS,

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With our next number will be issued, as a Supplement with  
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BY  
**SIR EDWARD LANDSEER,**  
"Dogs of St. Bernard Rescuing a Traveler."

Among the famous pictures of our times, is Sir Edwin Landseer's "Dogs of St. Bernard Rescuing a Traveler." All the skill of the great animal-painter is evinced in the two specimens of that noble breed of dogs which have earned such a title to the respect of mankind. The poor fallen traveler whom one dog is rousing from his fatal lethargy to take the stimulant it has in readiness, while the other, by its deep baying, guides the monks from the convent seen in the distance beyond the snow clad rocks, are so graphically drawn, that the story is told to the mind at a glance, with all its deep significance and touching lessons.

Steel engravings of this fine painting are so dear as to be within the reach only of connoisseurs; and they fail to give the colors of the original.

With an early number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will be issued as a Supplement a chromo-lithographic copy of this masterpiece, executed by Dickes, and preserving perfectly the coloring, tone and feeling of the original.

The chromo, exclusive of the margin, will be seventeen by twenty-three inches, and will give the purchaser, for a mere trifle, an art picture which, framed, will not suffer by comparison with any purchased at exorbitant prices in the art store.

The price of the Paper, with picture, will be 30 cents. To insure a copy, it is necessary to order it at once from your news agent, as only the edition specially ordered will be issued. Without Supplement, the Paper will be 10 cents, as usual. The Supplement will not be sold separately.

Persons sending 30 cents to the undersigned will receive a copy, post-paid, with a copy of the Newspaper.

FRANK LESLIE, New York.

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## LADIES! GO TO O'NEILL'S FOR MILLINERY GOODS.

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French and English Chip Hats, in all the newest shapes, \$3.50. English Round Hats and Bonnets.

RIBBONS.

Finest assortment of BONNET RIBBONS in the city. Nos. 4, 5, 7, 9, 12, 16 and 22, newest shades.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES OF SASH RIBBONS.

100 cartons 7-inch, 85c., all colors. 50 cartons Fancy Plaids, 70c., 75c., 85c. 7-inch Black Gros-Grain, \$1, \$1.10, \$1.25.

7-inch Black Sash Ribbons, 75c.; warranted all silk. 7-inch Sash Ribbons, in all shades, 95c.; sold on Broadway for \$1.25. 6½-inch Sash Ribbons, in all shades, 85c.; warranted all silk.

All the New Shades and Colors at Less than Popular Prices.

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MEDIUM &amp; EXTRA QUALITY BARBES, HANDKERCHIEFS, COLLARS &amp; SETS.

Lace Collars, 25c., 35c., 50c., 65c., 75c., 85c., 95c. Ladies should examine our Made-up Lace Goods.

Organdie Tunics, with Bretelles, from \$3 to \$5.75. Organdie Tunics, with Bretelles, with Lace, from \$7.75 and upward. Guipure Lace Sacques, Organdie Sacques, trimmed with lace, at all prices.

FLOWERS &amp; FEATHERS.

Twenty cases Finest French Flowers, Wreaths, Head-dresses, and Feathers in all Novelties.

KID GLOVES.

200 doz. Lupin's two-button Kid Gloves, \$1. 500 doz. Lupin's two-button Kid Gloves, \$1.25; warranted.

300 doz. Lupin's two-button Fancy Kid Gloves, \$1.35. Perinet Kid Gloves in two button styles.

All these goods are of superior quality, and every pair warranted.

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Now open, the most complete assortment of SCARFS and TIES in the city, and the CHEAPEST.

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Infants' Embroidered Pique Long Cloaks and  
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Cambric Wrappers, Corsets, Paniers, etc.

Undergarments of every description, imported  
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N. B.—Outfits complete, ready made and to order.

## EMBROIDERIES.

We shall open on Monday next a manufacturers'  
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GREATLY BELOW USUAL PRICES.

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At \$3 in envelopes—the same, to clubs of 5 to one ad-  
dress, \$15; \$3.30 in Flexible Covers—the same, to  
clubs of 5 to one address, \$15; \$3.50 Mounted and  
Varnished—the same to clubs of 5 to one address, \$16.  
And we are pledged to give at least one-third of the  
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MAPS to ENDOW the NATIONAL INSTITUTE for  
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to return in PREMIUMS about one-half of all profits  
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SEND RETAIL PRICE FOR SAMPLE COPY and  
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Boker's Bitters! Boker's Bitters!

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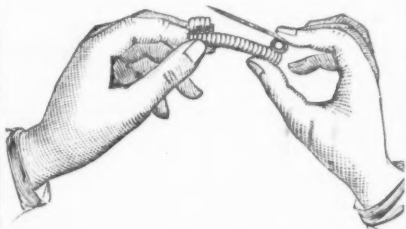
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EFFICACIOUS Stomach Bitters, as well as a  
very agreeable and pleasant cordial. Beware of  
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BEAUTY, ECONOMY, UTILITY, SAFETY.

THE BEST AND MOST PERFECT PIN EVER

MADE.

It Takes 22 Inches of Wire to Construct  
one Pin.

IT OVERCOMES OBJECTIONS

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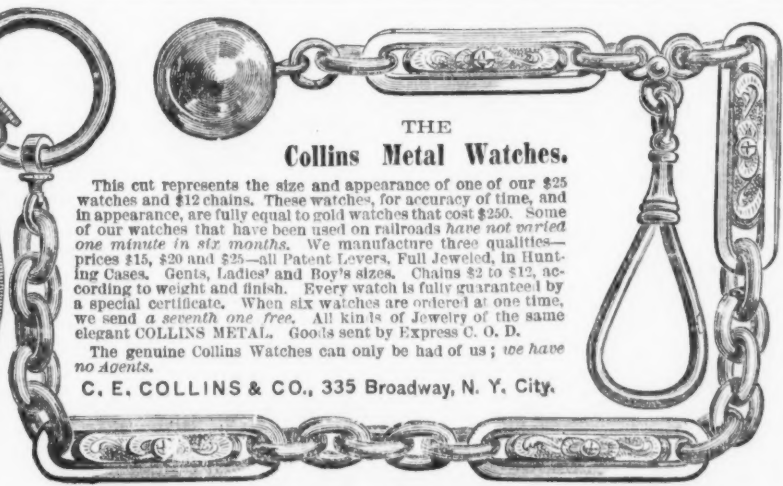
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